

THE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO BE DUMB



75¢



02904

1981

MAR N°72

CRAZY



CRAZY SIDESWIPES
**SMOKEY
AND THE
BANDIT II**

...SLICES UP
SHOGUN

...TACKLES
TEEN HULK

...AND APOLOGIZES FOR
OBNOXIO



INTRODUCING
THE
AMAZING
NEW

ROACH DINER™



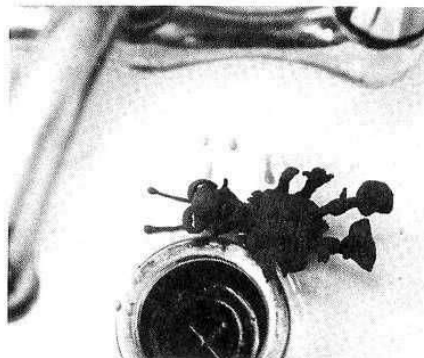
TIRED OF LIVING WITH ROACHES?

How many times have you had to explain them to your guests? Are your kids giving them nicknames? Do you often find yourself in the awkward position of explaining why your omelets have legs? Well, you can forget all that when you buy the new, patented **Roach Diner!**™

DESIGNED BY A SCIENTIST!

Yes, the **Roach Diner**™ was designed by a leading roachologist after a year of intensive research and study in the kitchen of his Brooklyn tenement. The **Roach Diner**™ will positively end your roach problem if you follow the instructions carefully.

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You simply place **Roach Diner**™ under your sink, leaving a trail of "Free Lunch" coupons in front of the door. Roaches are lured into the **Roach Diner**™ by one of three irresistible aromas (available in *Kool-Ade Stain*, *Dropped Hamburger*, and *Breadcrumbs Under A Toaster*). Once they've gorged on gratis grub, the greedy little suckers will be seized with uncontrollable fits of nausea and lower gastric distress, which will then force them to stumble out of the diner, and crawl towards the nearest drain where they will barf their little guts out and die a slow, agonizing death!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**ORDER NOW
AND GET A
FREE
PAIR OF DEAD
ROACH
TWEEZERS!**

Roach Diner™
Sleazoid Products, Ltd.
Rocky Road, N.H.

Dept. IM-RU
(Live Free Or Die)

I hate roaches!!! Send me _____ **Roach Diners**™, at \$79.50 per diner, and I will start getting rid of mine now! Yechhhh!!!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Stan Lee presents **CRAZY**

THE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO BE DUMB

Vol. 1 No. 72

March, 1981

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GARY HALLGREN back cover

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small hope of ever seeing your
stuff again, and even so expect a
long wait. Violators of this rule will
be verbally abused, and placed on
the dreaded List. The editors claim
no responsibility for **Obnoxio The**
Clown, nor his unauthorized
contests or editorial views. Does
anyone really read this stuff?

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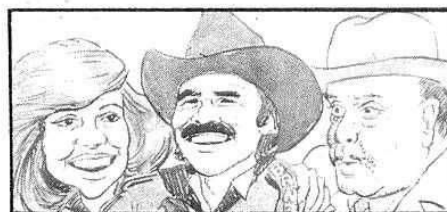
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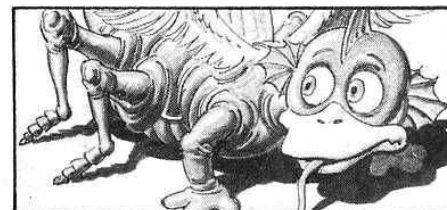
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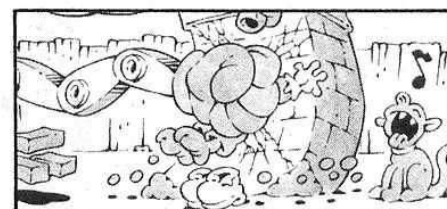
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TAKE a LETTER TO CRAZY



RANTS, RAVES, AND A JINGLE

Dear Crazy,

I like your magazine so much that I decided to write a song about the things in your book that I think are great. It goes something like this:

CRAZY

(To The Tune Of Any Song You Like)

Teen Hulk, yeah, yeah, yeah
Howard The Duck, go, go, go
Oh baby, go baby, yeah baby
Obnoxio, baby, baby, wow
The cover, SHISH BOOM BAH!

If you do not print my letter, I will let my sister out of the basement, and then we're all in a lot of trouble.

Bradley Bazin
Melville, Sask. Canada

Dear Lunatics,

I am writing a poem for you, so here it is:

Crazy is a cheap comic book
The price they're getting for it's a crook
But I don't have to pay because my father
works at a drugstore
And I get them free!
Heh, heh, heh!

Michelle Tuchman
Charleston, S.C.

Dear Crazy,

The only reason I buy your magazine is because of the little spy man on the top corner of the cover. The lines at the bottom of the cover are nice, too.

Kenny Feola
Orlando, Fla.

Oh, really? Wanna buy some? —Ed.

Dear Editor And Staff Of Crazy,

Do your mothers dress you funny, too?

Elaine Young
Montgomery, MA.

Some of them do, Elaine, but not all of them. But they might. Maybe. Sometimes. —Ed.

Dear Sirs,

I need a date for Saturday night at 6:00 p.m. to go skating. I'm 12, and have short brown hair.

Karen Brown
No Address Given

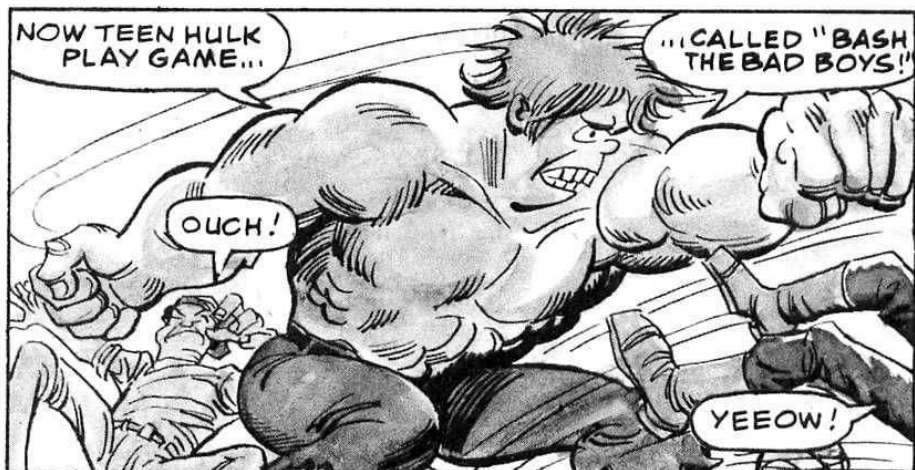
What an awful thing to do! How dare you write in to this magazine, brazenly looking for a date... and not include your address?!? —Ed.

Dear Crazy Editor,

Will you marry me? If so, will you take me to California on our honeymoon?

Charlotte Schuster
Homestead, GA.

Sorry, Charlotte, I'm taken. Obnoxio's available, but he said "...I ain't takin' her nowhere!" —Ed.



LETTERS ABOUT LETTERS

Dear Sirs,

I have been a reader of *Crazy* magazine for many years now, and my favorite feature has always been the letters column. However, in *Crazy* #68, I read a letter which left me both incensed and bewildered! The letter was from a Mr. George K., a self-styled "nobody" of New York. Why you would give publicity to the owner of an obviously unbalanced mind is beyond me! Surely his are but the fevered ravings of a gnarled psyche!!

Sgt. Bennett Maldonado
U.S.A.F. (Retired)
Also of New York

Mr. Larry Hama

And The Readers Of Crazy:

I AM NOT AMORPHOUS!!!

Mrs. George K.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Crazy,

In issue no. 68 there was a letter by Derek de-Verteuil. In that letter Derek criticized *Crazy* for putting a poor product on the market, and copying *Mad* and *Cracked*. Derek also stated in his letter "Every month I go to the magazine rack, and give it [*Crazy*] the once-over to see if it has improved, and, every month, I am disappointed." Mr. de-Verteuil is blind.

Chris Brown
North York, Ontario

Or maybe he just shops around with his eyes closed. —Ed.

MEAN GREEN TEEN

Dear Crazy,

I read *Teen Hulk* in issue #68, and I think it was the stupidest story you ever made. May the fleas of a camel infest your armpits, and may you all be smeared with cheese and then locked in a room with eight ravenous *Mouseketeers*!

Bobby Cummings
Flint, MI.

Dear Crazy,

I just finished issue #68. *Teen Hulk* was great. Keep him in *Crazy*.

Jeff Martin
Peterborough, Canada

Other *Teen Hulk* letters were penned by David Smith of Brunswick, GA.; and Clyde A. Stegner Jr. of Honesdale, PA. —Ed.

IN DEFENSE OF FLIPPO

Dear Obnoxio,

After hearing your embarrassing remarks about Flippo (ish. #68), I felt he needed to be defended. So here goes. I wanted to ask you who cut your hair, because whoever does ought to be brutally beaten with your over-sized stoogie! I feel you should publish this letter so other readers won't be afraid to speak out!

Tom Seigman
Hood, TX.

Thanks for your letter, Tom. Mr. Clown's lawyers will contact you shortly.
—Ed.

MORE STUFF

Dear Crazy!

Long live crazy! In your past issues, I was thrilled to art by my favorite people like Jack Kirby and Wally Wood, but seeing Steve Ditko's work in issue #68 stopped me cold! Your mag just keeps getting better and better! At first I only bought it for *The Duck Section*, but now I buy it for its entirety. Even the Bob Larkin covers are superb!

Peter Reet Glass
Fairbanks, Alaska

P.S. No, I don't live in an igloo!

REDNECK RUFFIANS

Dear Crazy,

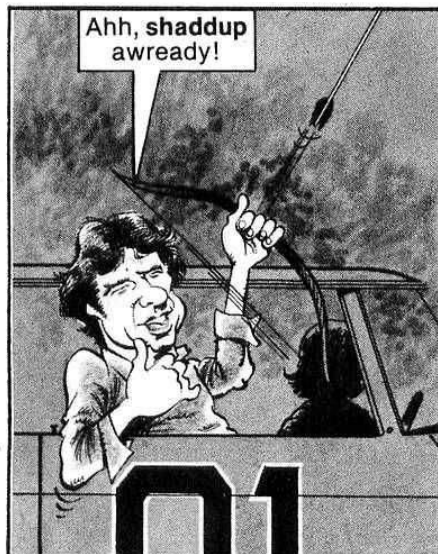
"*The Dupes Of Haggard*" in issue number 68 was really garbage. You combined two shows into one to make your parody. The next time you do that, I'm flushing the book down the toilet, and putting a girdle on my cat.

Thomas G. Weihs
New York, N.Y.

Dear Crazy,

I think that *Enos* in your parody of *The Dupes Of Hazard* looks like Senator Kennedy. By the way, I wrote this letter at school.

Garth Cumpston
Red Bluff, CA.



OBNOXIO'S ABUSE COLUMN



Dear Obnoxio,

I think you are the most ugliest clown who ever lived. My mother is more prettier than you any day. I also think your writing stinks because most of your words are written wrong. I also think you need a shave real bad because your whiskers look like spaghetti! If you don't print this letter, you'll be sorry!

Bobby Cummings
Flint, MI.

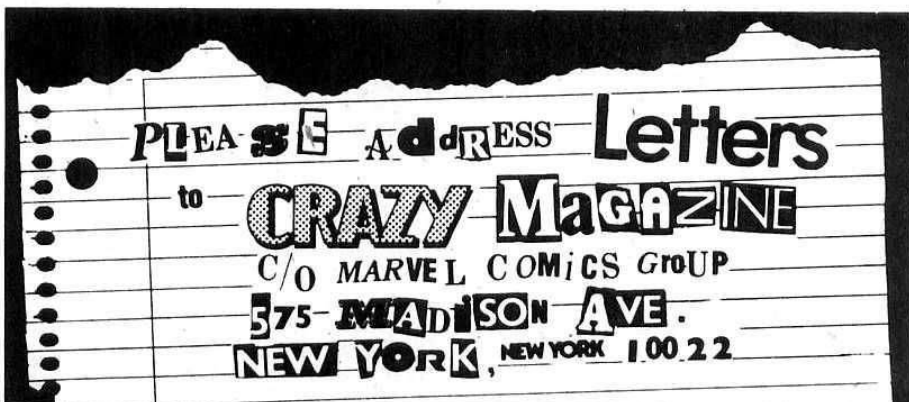
Oh yeah? Well, so what? Can't you come up with somethin' offensive? I mean, if yer mom wasn't prettier 'n me, imagine the fix you'd be in! C'mon, Bobby— get with th' program!
—O.T.C.

Address all hate mail to "Obnoxio's Abuse Column" c/o the address below (and if you send us your picture, he'll make fun of that, too!). —Ed.

Warning: Sending letters to this column indicates the sender's willingness to be abused. Publicly. Where all the sender's friends and relatives can see. Right here.

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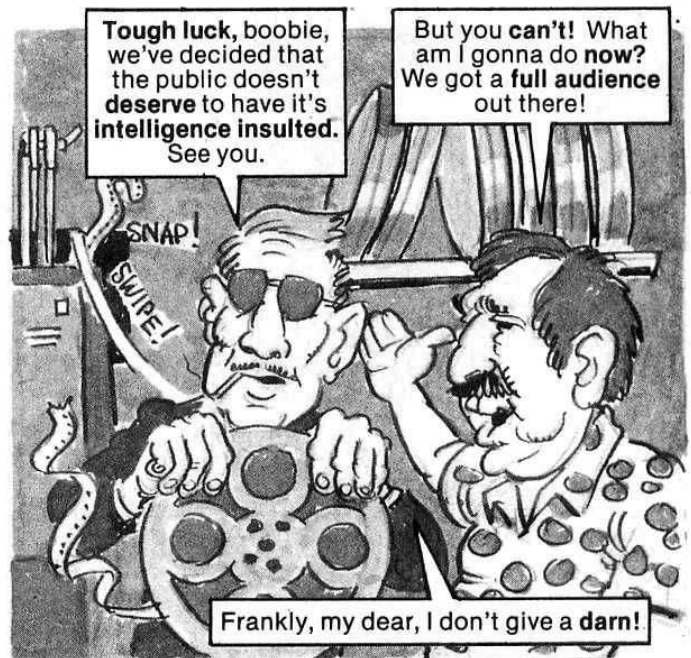
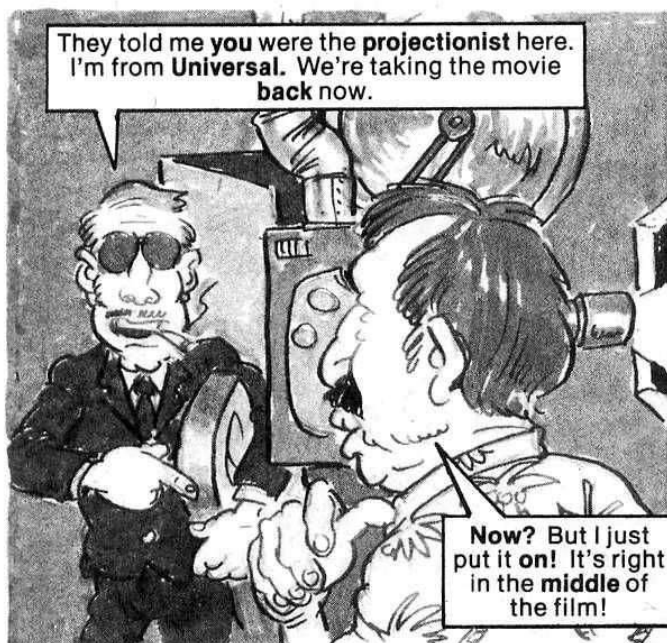
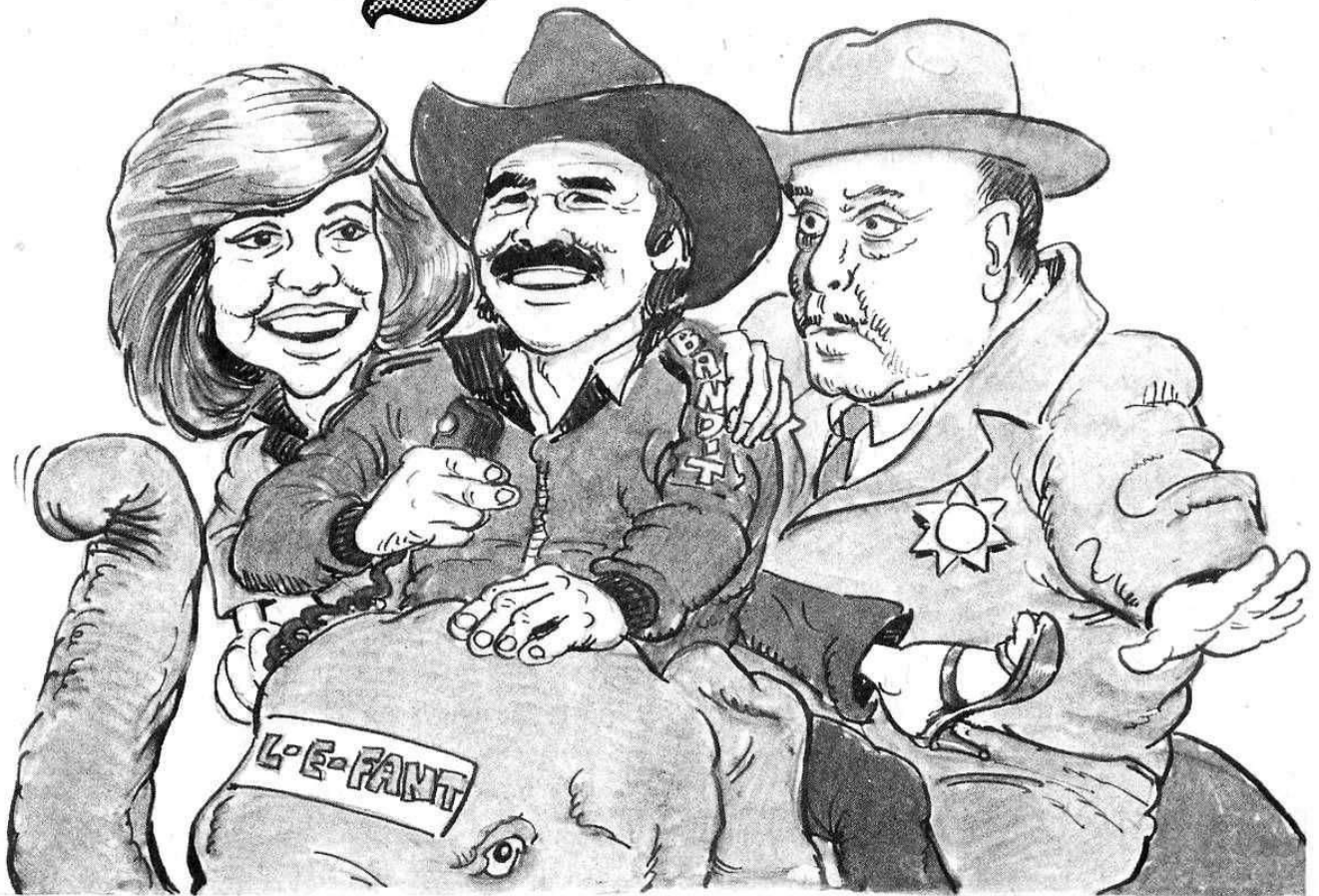
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7. Owner (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.) Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022; Cadence Industries Corporation, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.
9. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates (Section 132.122, PSM). The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes. (Check one.) [I] Have not changed during preceding 12 months. [I] Have changed during preceding 12 months. (If changed, publisher must submit explanation with this statement.)
10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION.
- A. Total No. Copies Printed (net press run): Average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 382,398. Single issue nearest to filing date: 339,292.
- B. Paid Circulation: 1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: Average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 138,721. Single issue nearest to filing date: 133,018. 2) Mail subscriptions: Average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 51,038. Single issue nearest to filing date: 15,000.
- C. Total Paid Circulation: (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2): Average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 189,759. Single issue nearest to filing date: 148,018.
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- E. Total Distribution: (Sum of C and D): Average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 190,451. Single issue nearest to filing date: 148,790.
- F. Copies Not Distributed: 1) Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: Average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 1,252. Single issue nearest to filing date: 2,502. 2) Returns from News Agents: Average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 190,695. Single issue nearest to filing date: 188,000.
- G. Total (Sum of E, F1 and 2 should equal net press run shown in A): Average no. of copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 382,398. Single issue nearest to filing date: 339,292.
11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
- (signed) Ed Shukin—Business Manager
12. For completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual) 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."
- In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.
- (signed) Ed Shukin—Business Manager

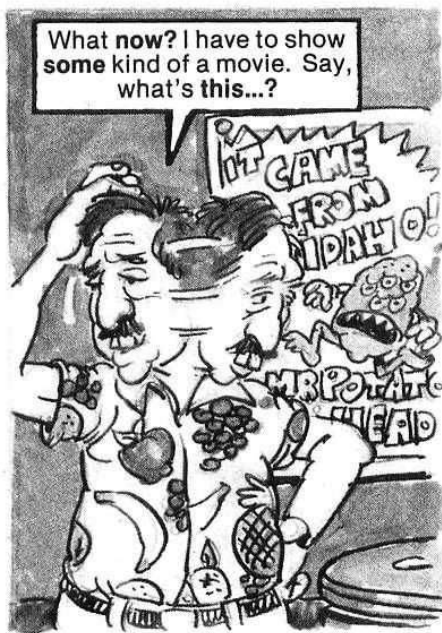


SNOOKEY AND THE BAND AID II

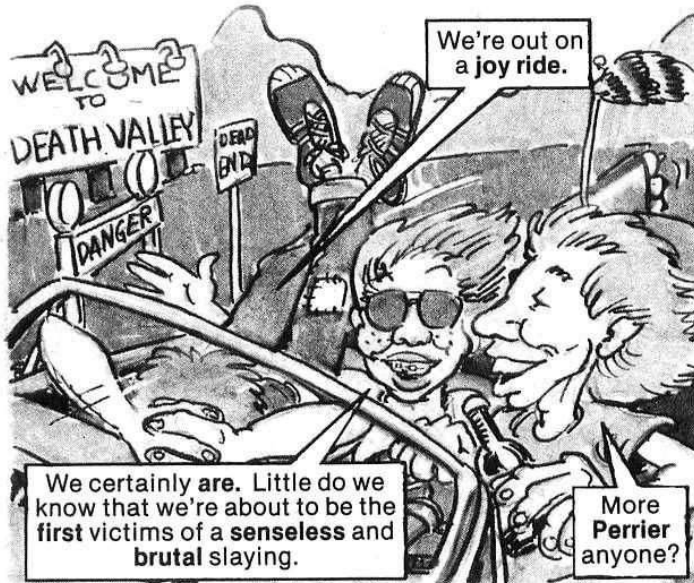
Writer: Marc Bilgrey

Artist: Bob Camp





It all started with a few teenagers out on a joy ride...



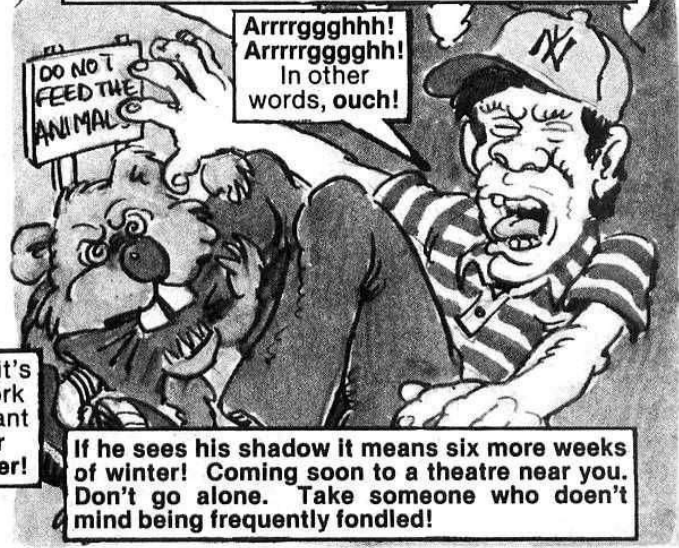
Then suddenly, Terror struck!



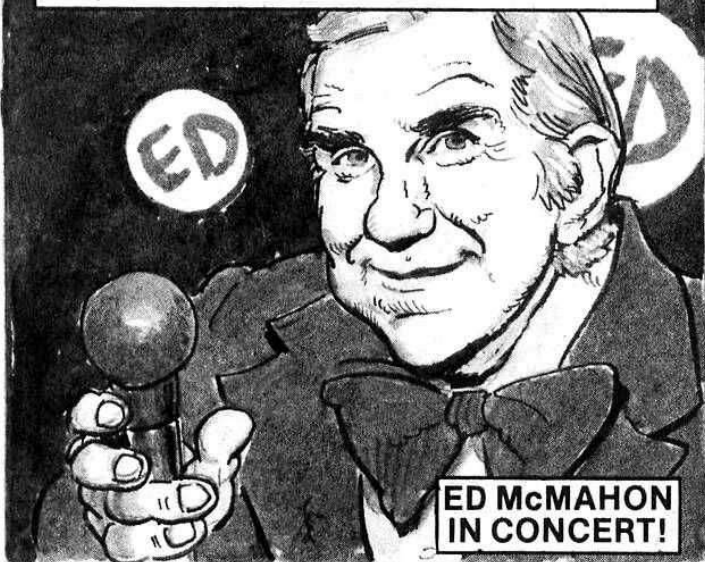
Before the night is over, 12 people will be murdered, 8 people will be seriously hurt, and 3 will be left extremely jumpy.



More horrifying than watching Congress in session! Twice as frightening as a trip to the mid-west! It's... Ground Hog's Day!

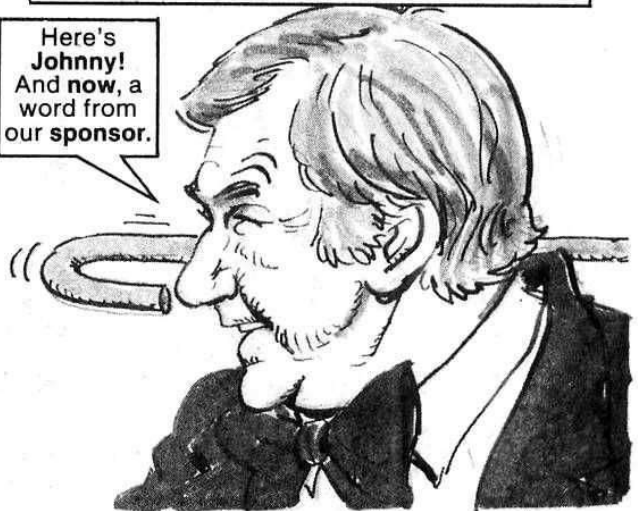


First there was Richard Pryor, then Gilda Radner and Bette Midler. Now, for the first time on any motion picture screen it's...



Yes, now you'll be able to re-live the humor, pathos, and song styling that is McMahon! The fans, the excitement, the myth, the man! See and hear him say the words that made him a legend!

Here's Johnny!
And now, a word from our sponsor.



And who could ever forget those immortal words...

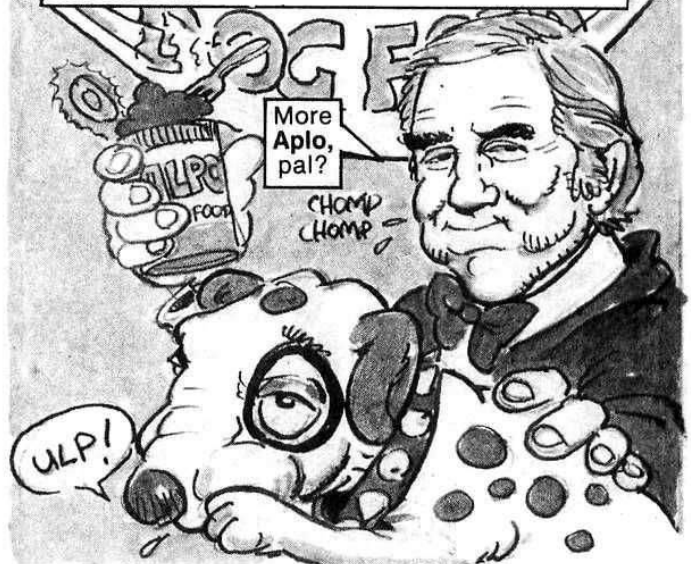
You know, it's interesting that **everything** you'd ever want to know about household appliances is in that book!

You are wrong, toaster oven breath!

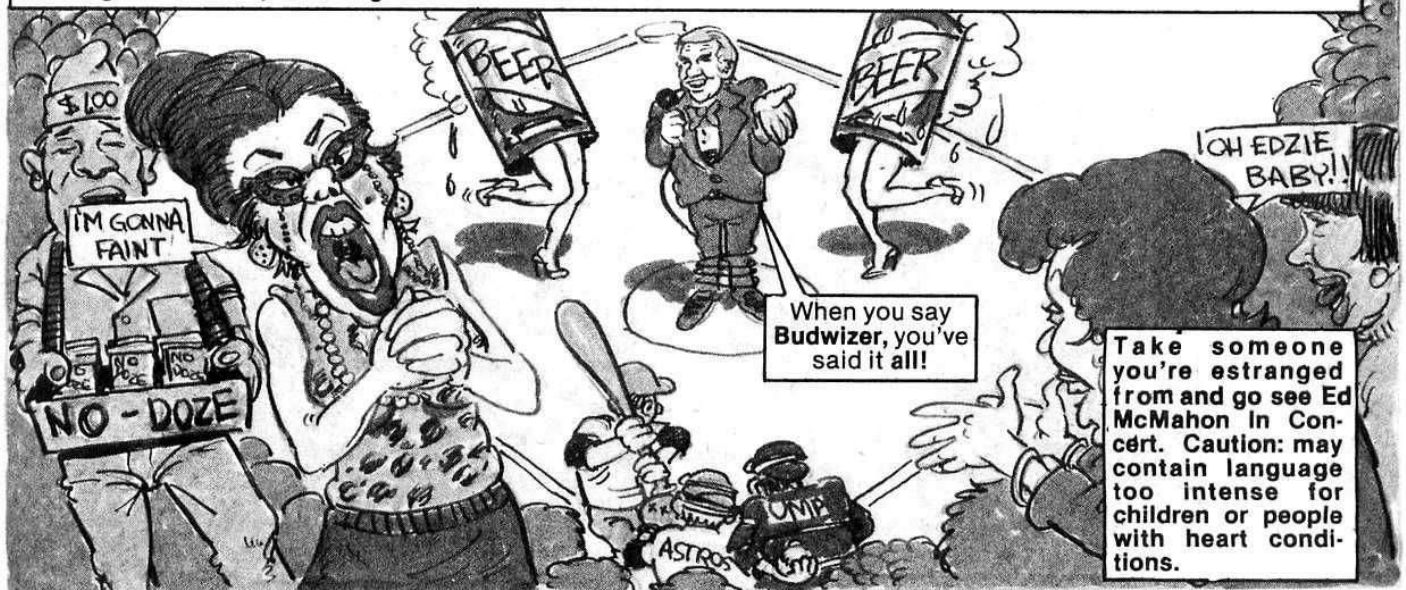
You mean there's more?



Yes, here is the only record of this indescribable performer, uncut, unedited, uncensored, and uncouth!



Filmed live at the Houston Astrodome. Shot in 70mm and recorded in Dobly sound. If you yourself can't attend a showing of the movie, send a "guest viewer".



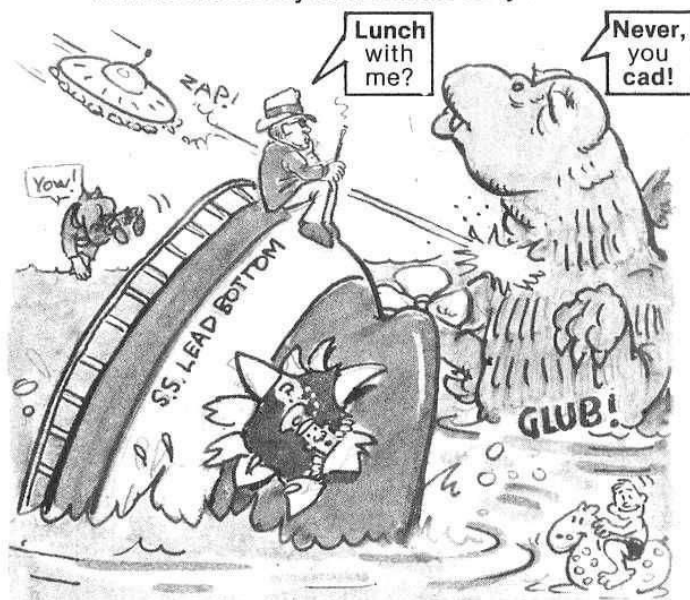
From the people who brought you "Godzilla" and "Godzilla Goes To East Lansing, Michigan" now comes...

GODZILLA MEETS TRUMAN CAPOTE!

Yes, once again, Godzilla is on the loose, this time on Fire Island! It's a violent confrontation as Godzilla, the savage behemoth, and Truman Capote, the darling of the jet set, fight it out to the death!



Thrill to the bloody battle on the ferry boat!



See Godzilla destroy Tokyo for the 247th time!



Coming soon to a theatre near you (so there's still time to leave town and avoid it entirely!)

This story is too "cold blooded" for me.

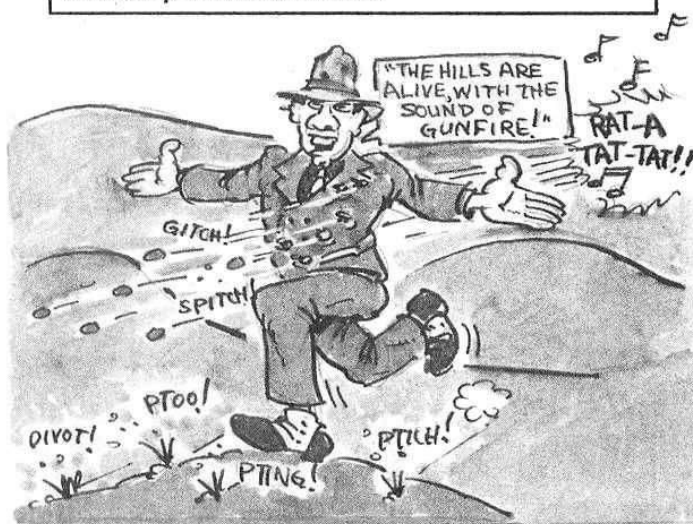
That's a lousy pun.

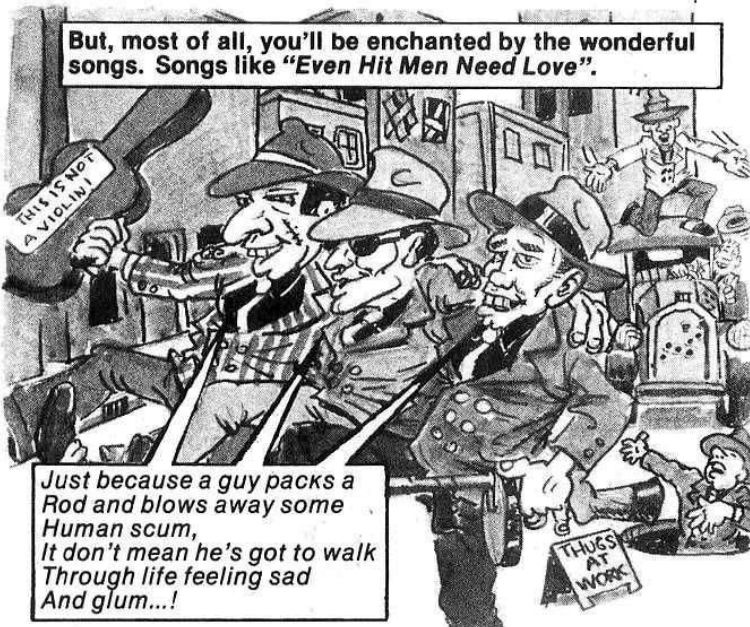
Hmmm. That makes sense.

What do you expect from a magazine that pays its writers like this one does?

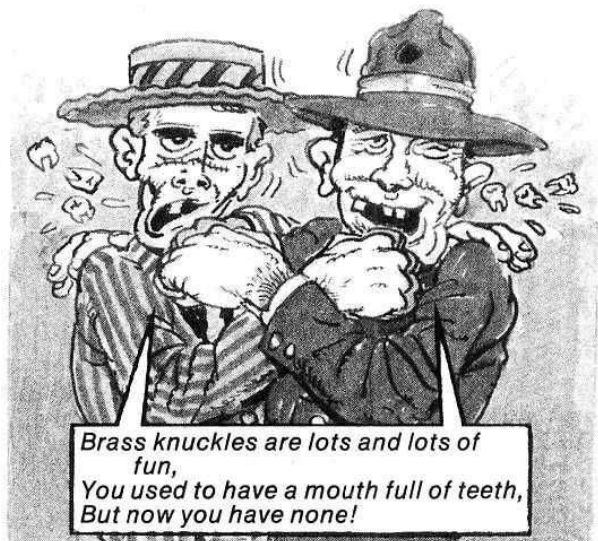
Don't miss Godzilla Meets Truman Capote, and watch for Mothra gets Gloria Vanderbilt In Trouble!

First there was The Sound of music, then Mary Poppins, and now - in the tradition of these great movie musicals - we present the first movie musical about organized crime, called "Vinnie, Tonight You Sleep With The Fishes!"

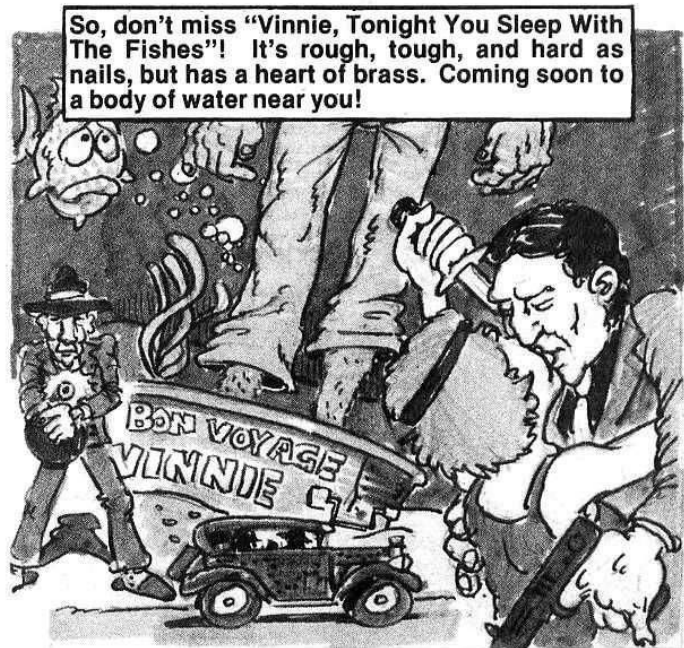




Songs like "I'll Rearrange Your Face".



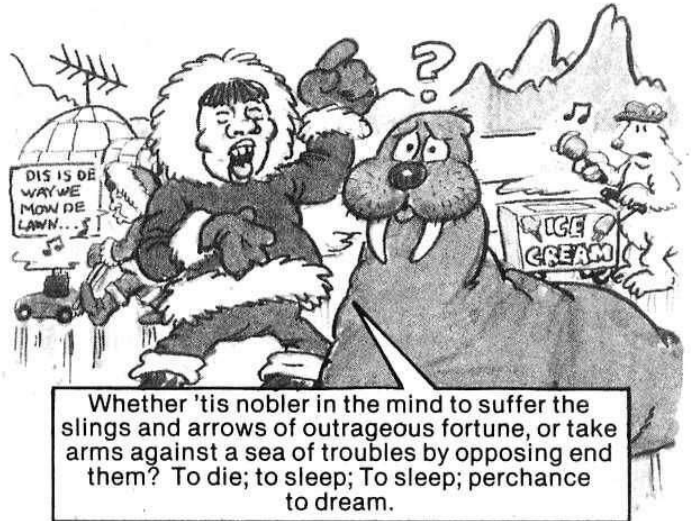
But most of all, you'll love the touching romance.



And now, the most praised film at the Cannes Film Festival comes to your town. Yes, we're speaking of the Canadian Film Board's all-Eskimo version of Hamlet!



Yes, all of William Shakespeare's wonderful dialogue, all the laughs, all the wacky, zany, and madcap moments are preserved on celluloid for your listening and viewing pleasure.

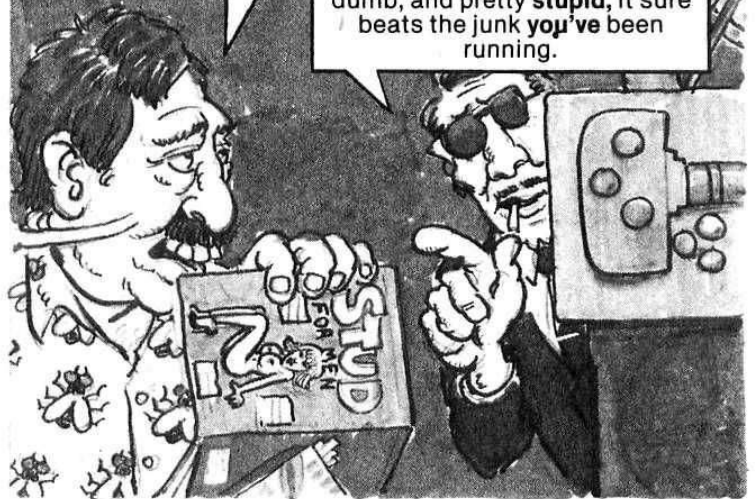


You'll flip over the nutty love scenes that only the bard of Avon could dream up!



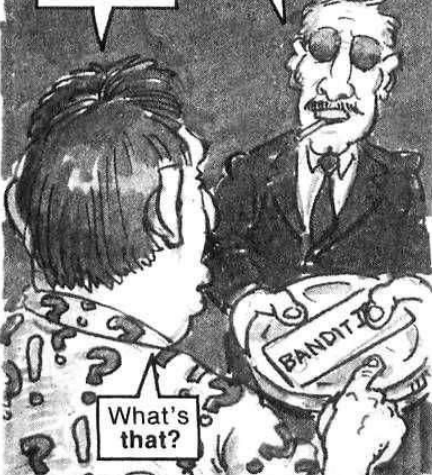
Hey, the guy
from Universal!! I
thought you left
with the film.

I did but, well, I've been watching
what you've been showing and
I've decided that even though
Snokey And The Bandid II is
dumb, and pretty stupid, it sure
beats the junk you've been
running.

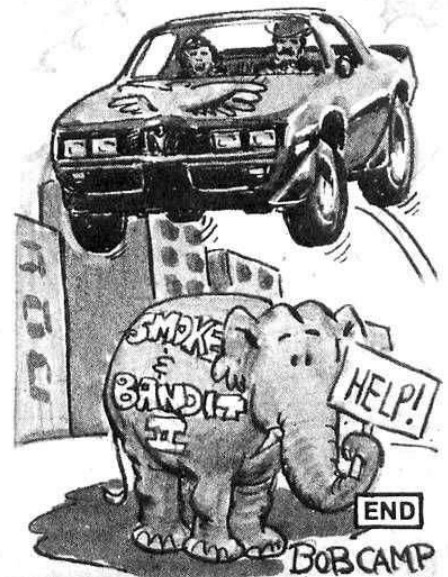
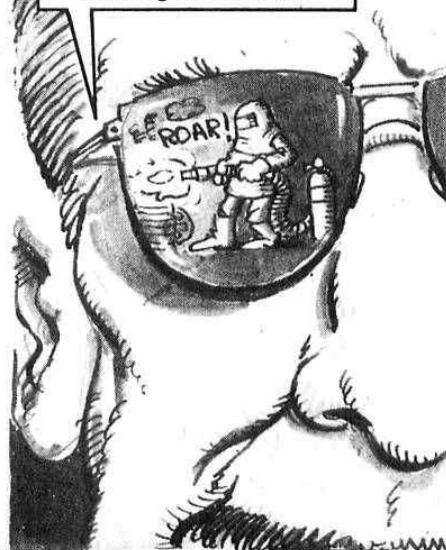


You mean
you're giv-
ing me
the movie
back?

That's right,
junior. It's all
yours on one
condition.

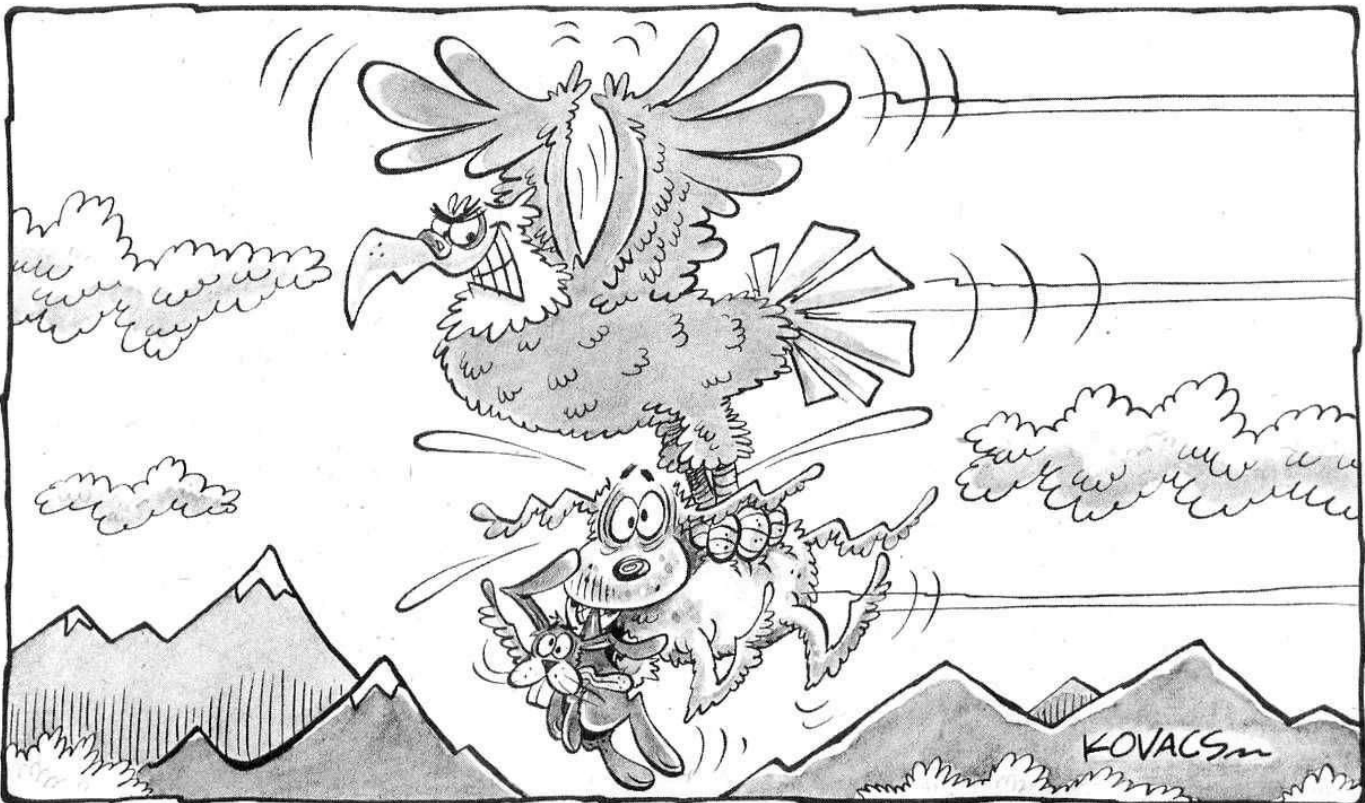
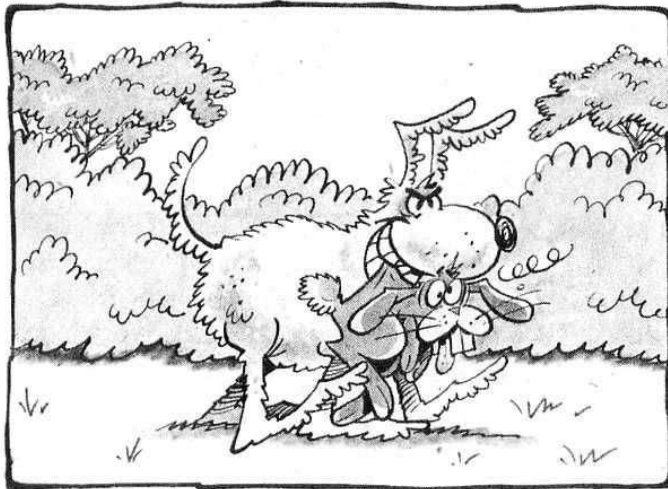
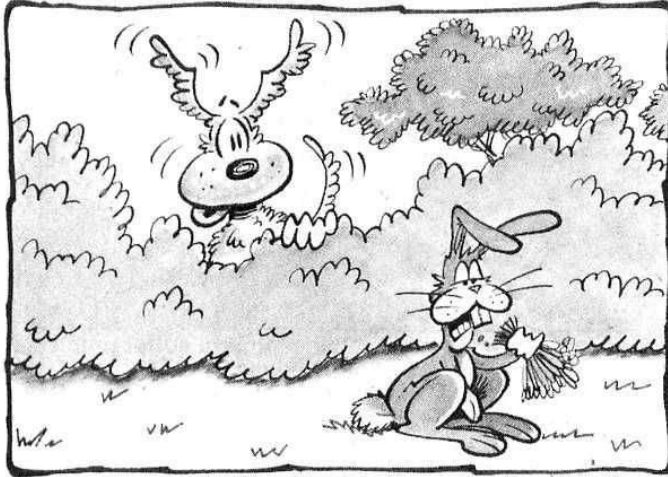


You burn the rest of those
coming attractions!



CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 1

DOGGIE DUMBNESS



DUE TO A PRO-
LONGED EXPO-
SURE TO A DE-
MENTED DEN-
TIST'S GAMMA
RAY CAVITY DE-
CODER, CRAVEN
NERD CHESTER
WEEEMS FINDS
HIMSELF IN MO-
MENTS OF DIRE
HUMILIATION
TRANSFORMED
INTO A TUNDRA
TOPPED TITAN
KNOWN AS...

TEEN-HULK!



SCRIPT:
OWKLEY
ART: SEVEN
LETTERS: ALBELO

...LOOK, CHESTER,
IT'S TH' LAST GAME
OF TH' SEASON, AN'
IT WOULD LOOK BAD
IF I DIDN'T SHOW UP,
KNOWOTIMEAN?

AN' WITH MY
INGROWN TOE-
NAIL, TH' COACH
AIN'T GONNA PLAY
ME ANYHOW!

I'D SIT ON TH'
BENCH MYSELF,
BUT MY PET
RAT'S SICK,
DIG?

Y...YEAH,
WHIMPER!?

THIS
SEEMS
INNOCENT
ENOUGH!

HOW COME
I CAN'T SHAKE
THE FEELING
THAT BRUNO'S
ABOUT TO DO IT
TO ME
AGAIN...?

WHILE IN THE NEXT LOCKER ROOM...

BRUNO

LOOK GUYS,
IT'S THE LAST
GAME OF THE
SEASON, SO YOU
KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS...!

DIG IT!
IT'S OUR LAST
CHANCE TO
GET BRUNO!

YEAH...
BRUNO, I ME
HATE BRUNO!

HE BROKE
DA COACH!

HE
ATE OUR
MASCOT!

YEAH, LIKE HE'S
DONE MEAN AN' NASTY
STUFF T' ALL OF US!
I SAY, LIKE, LET'S
GET EVEN, LIKE!

GET EVEN?
I'M GONNA
KILL THE
SAP!

...BY TH' WAY, REMEMBER
T' KEEP YA HELMET ON
SO'S THEY WON'T KNOW
YOU AIN'T ME!

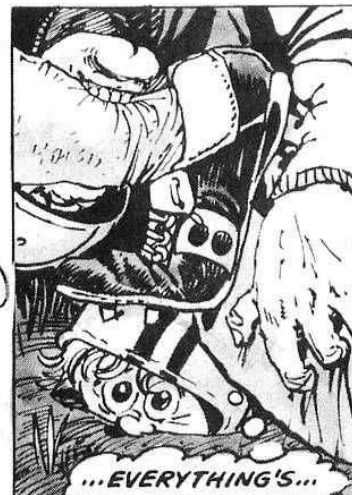
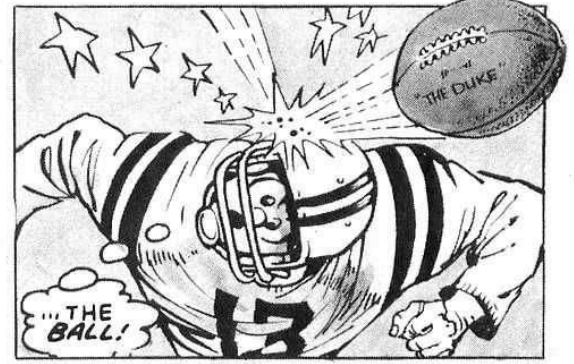
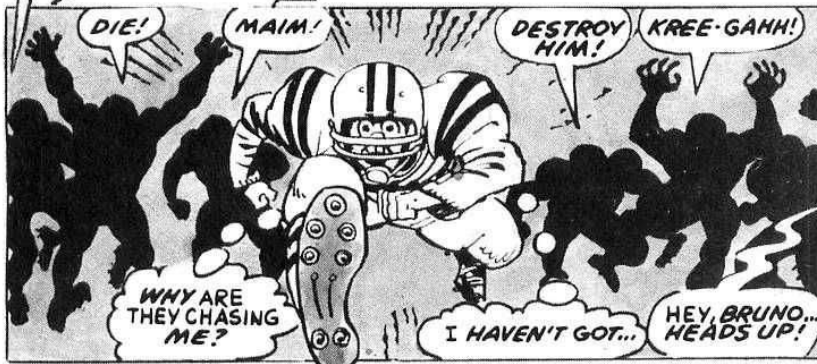
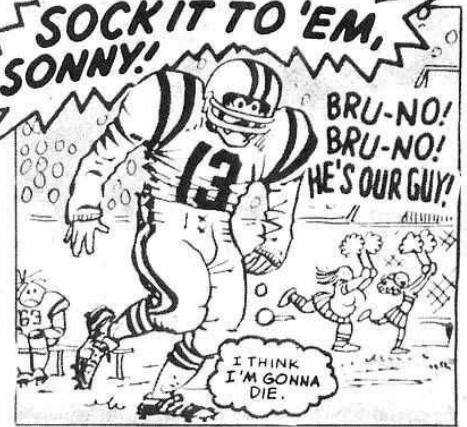
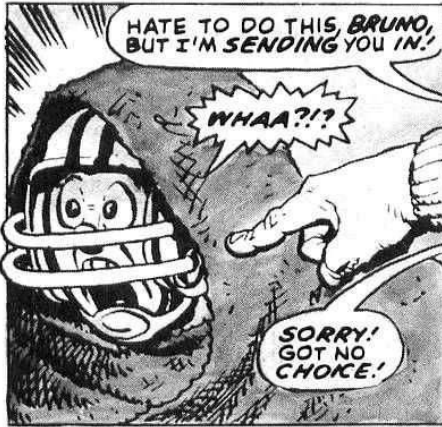
WELL, GOTTA GO
T' THE RAT HOSPITAL
NOW, CHESTER...
HAVE FUN...

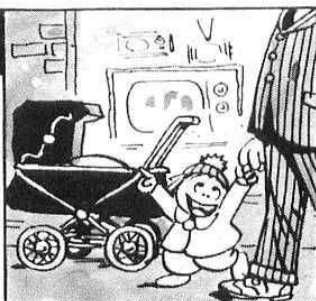
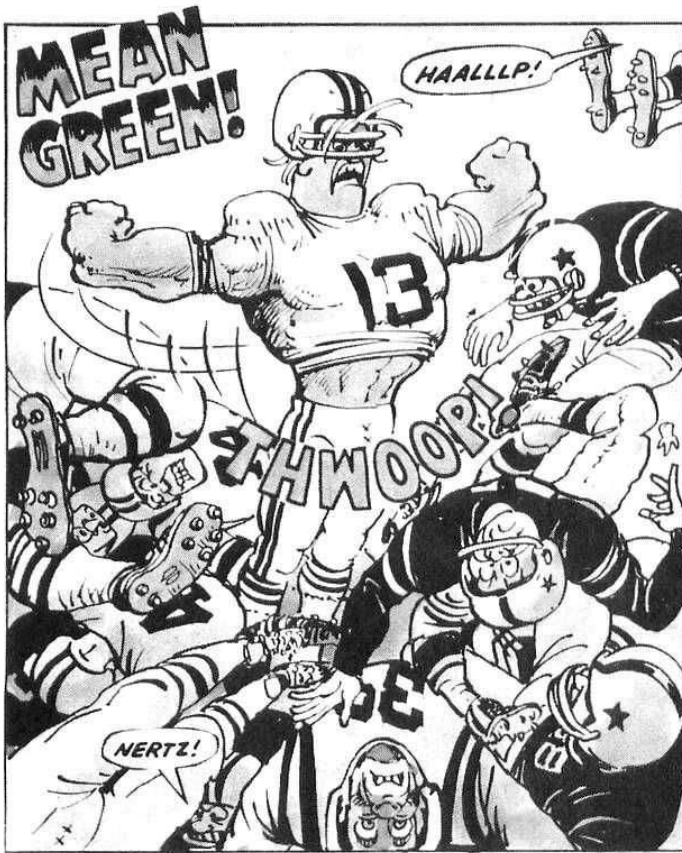
...DON'T GET TOO
MUCH BLOOD ON
MY UNIFORM!

TH-THANKS
BRUNO!

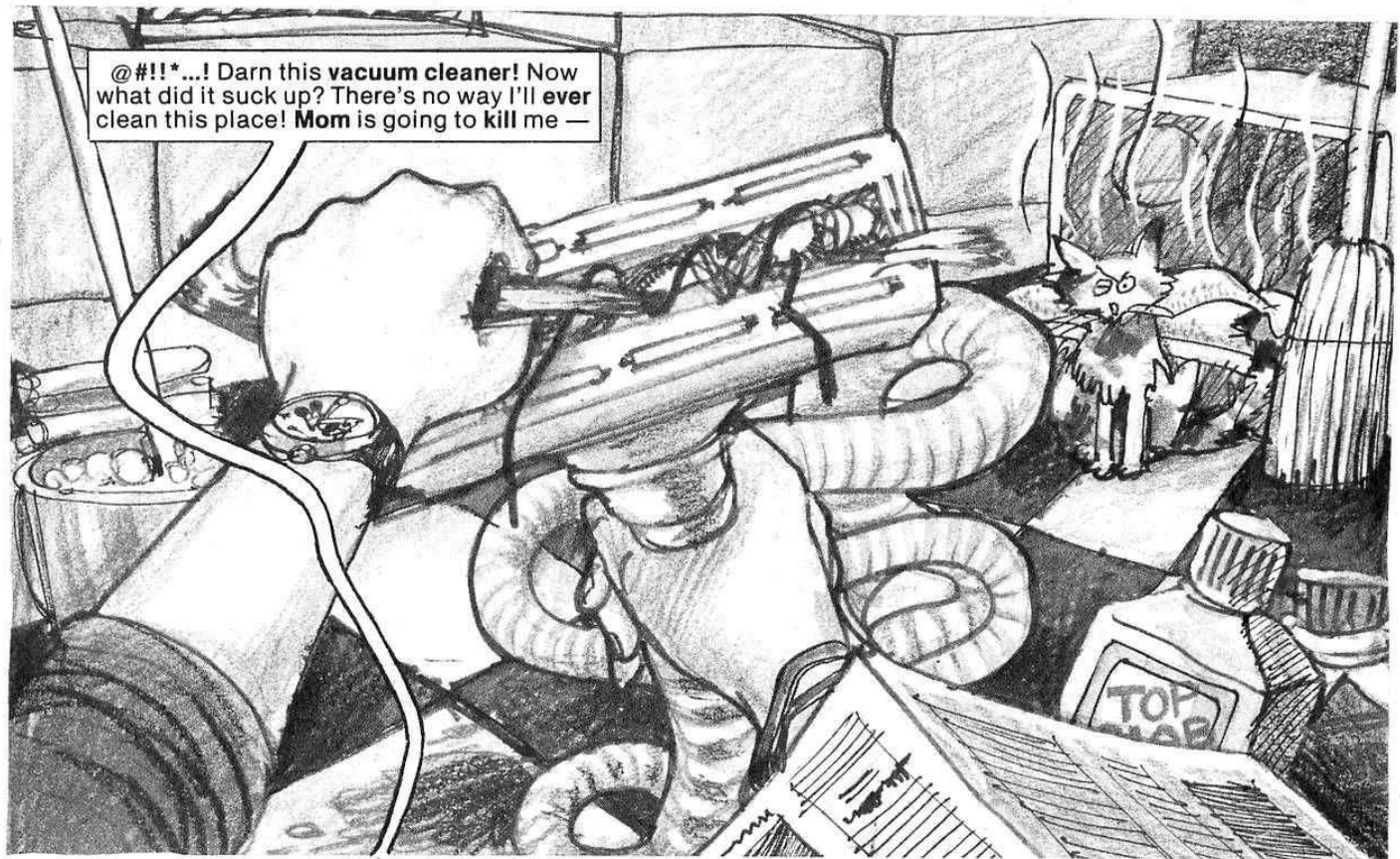
THANKS
BRUNO?

OH WELL,
WHO KNOWS?
MAYBE HE'S
CHANGED! THIS
COULD BE...





THE INSIPID REALITY...

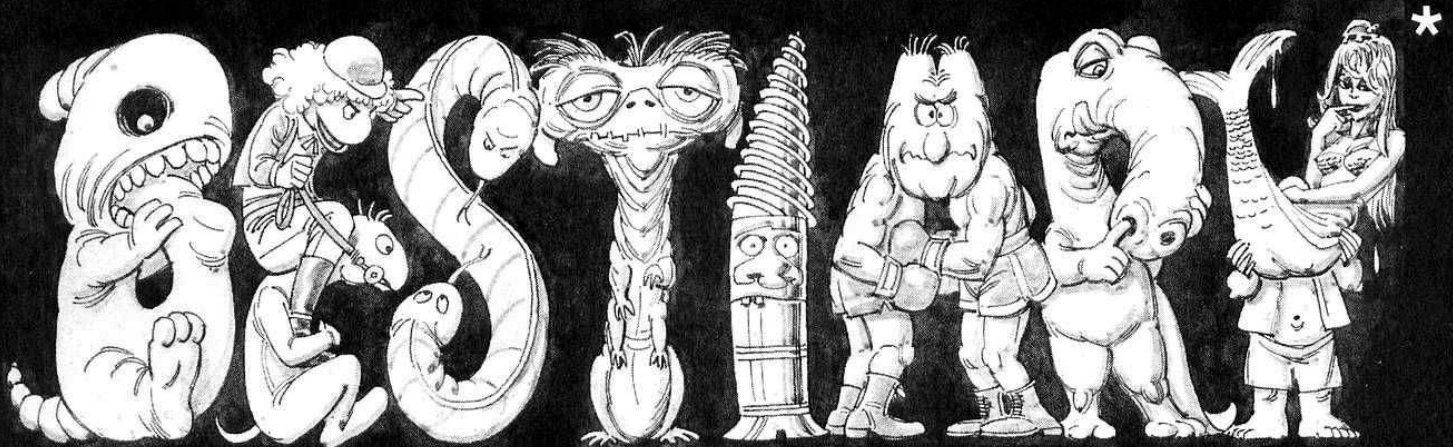
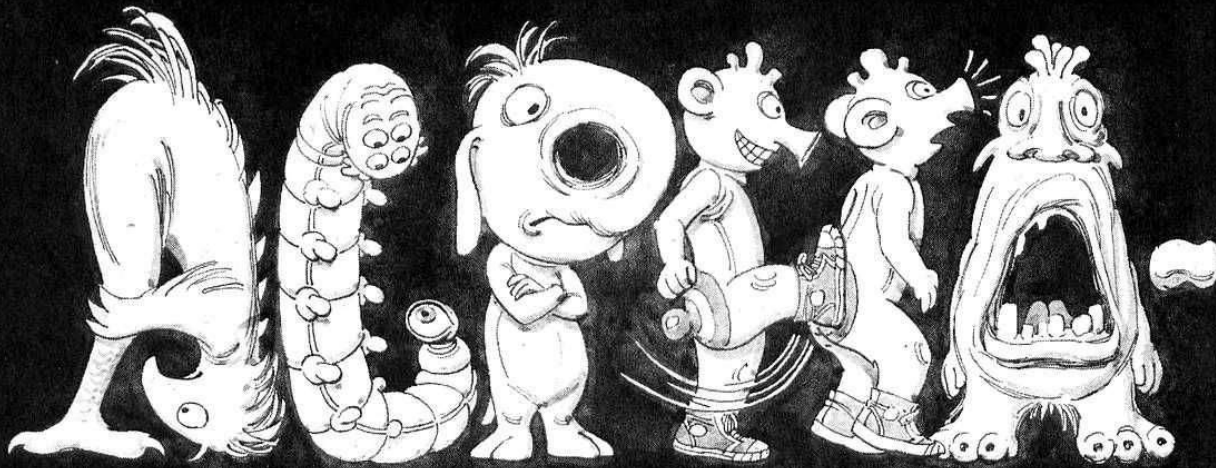


...AND THE INSIDIOUS FANTASY



Writer and Artist: Mary Wilshire

Remember those sissy **animal-alphabet books** they made you read when you were little and couldn't fight back? They were so **cute** and so **boring** that they probably retarded your reading level **forever!** Let's face it... Any kid who **likes** to read is some sort of sicko anyway — so why not start the little monster off with something appropriate like...



Verse by Larry Hama

Art by Ralph Reese

***ALPHABESTIARY**

A

*The ANKLEWORT is small but mean
Of this, you can depend on
He loves to sink his nasty teeth
In your achilles tendon*

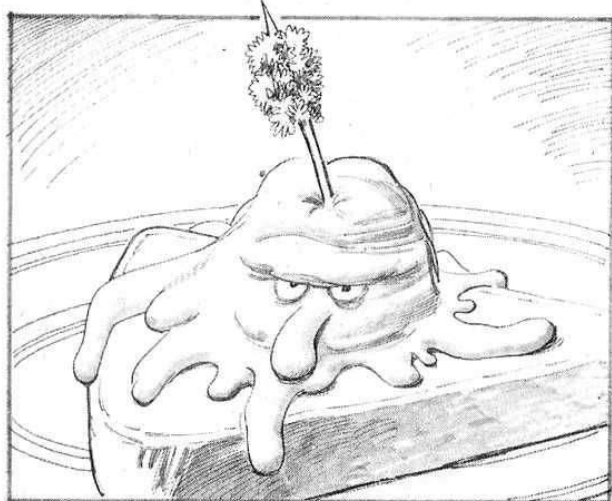


B

*Behold the baleful BLUNDERSAURUS
Hide so thick and brain so porous
Clumsiness has one distinction
It can lead to one's extinction*



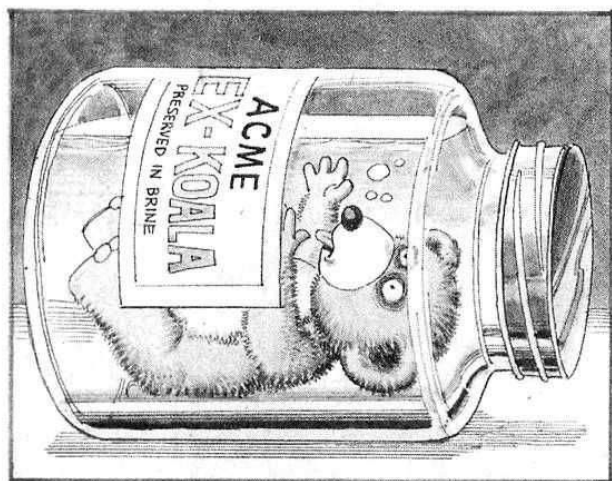
C The CANAPE squats on points of toast
Like a tablespoon of hot compost
If you're offered one for tea
Blithely answer "none for me"



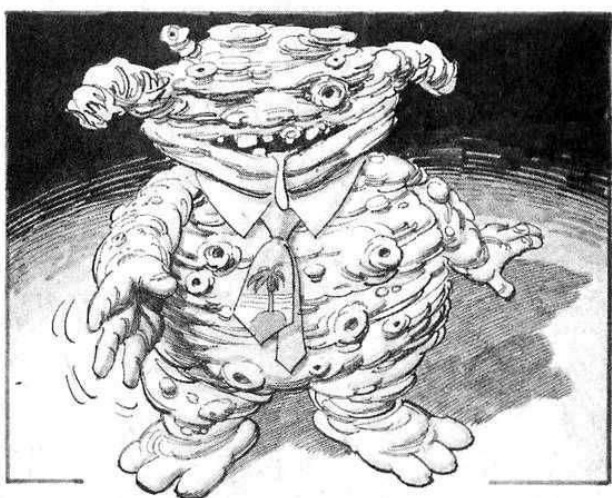
D DELORES DINKLEHEIMER, what
a beastie Hair so limped, skin so yeasty
Beauty's skin deep, this is known
But ugly goes down to the bone



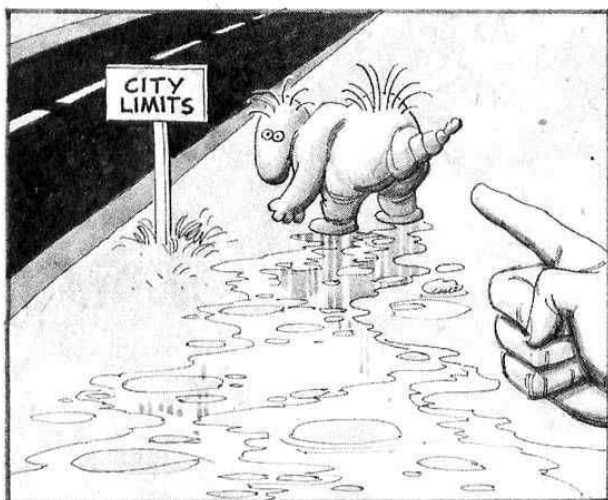
E The EX-KOALA has expired
(He's dead y'know, he ain't just tired)
You can buy his pickled carcass
C.O.D. from Nieman Marcus



F Avoid the FUNGOID if you can
Beware his breath, don't touch his hand
If he wants to use your toilet
Afterwards, you better boil it



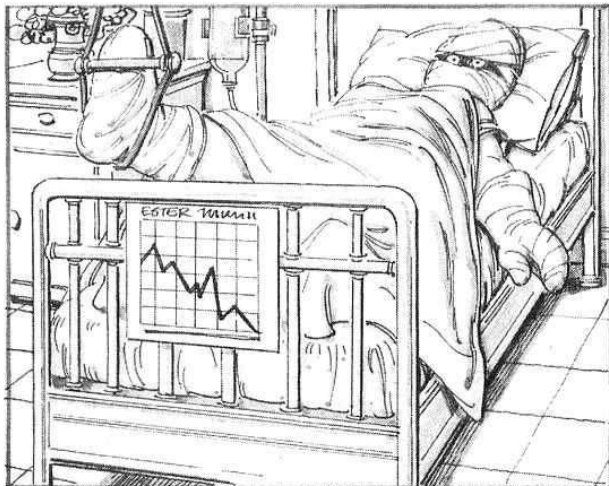
G Good grief, the GRUNGE is gross and grimy
Suppurating, stinking, slimey
Philadelphia couldn't stand it
Pittsburgh passed a law and banned it



H The HUFF is rough, the HUFF is tough
Watch it, when he struts his stuff
Let it slide, just take his guff
Or you might wind up in a HUFF



I Don't jerk the *IRK*, I wouldn't do it
 Esther did, and lived to rue it
 Naval surgeons from Bethesda
 Couldn't do a thing for Esther



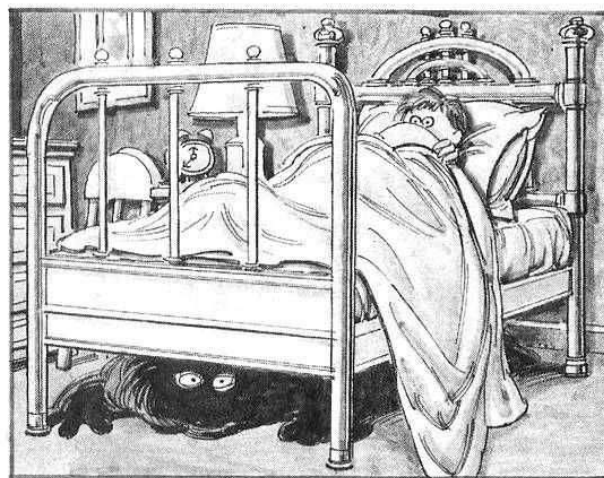
J The *JEEBIE* is a loathsome creature
 He has no redeeming feature
 You'll find him lurking 'neath the stairs
 In hopes he'll catch you unawares



K There's no task more vile or thankless
 Than cleaning up a stinking *KRANK* mess
 He'll do his darndest to revile you
 Slander, vituperate, malign and defile you



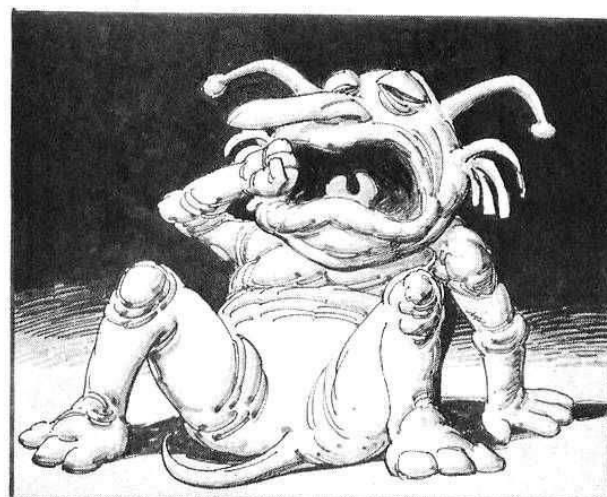
L The *LUMPEN* lives beneath your bed
 He hates your guts, he wants you dead
 He fills the air with nameless dread
 Don't look! He'll bite off half your head!



M The *MUSKMOOSE* smells in rainy weather
 Like a wet angora sweater
 Fifteen pounds of rotting tuna
 And the sump outside Altoona



N The presence of the *NOODGE* is draining
 He spends all his time complaining
 Whining in his strident way
 He'll put a damper on your day



O The OGGER haunts forgotten hallways
Heed my warning: You should always
Pack a loaded .45
If you intend to stay alive



Q Take my word, beware the QUEEZY
Stay upwind when weather's breezy
Remember lunch just yesterday?
He'll bring it up again today



S Inside your pipes, there waits the GLUGG
He gurgles when you pull the plug
He'll wait 'til you look down the drain
Fly up your nose and eat your brain



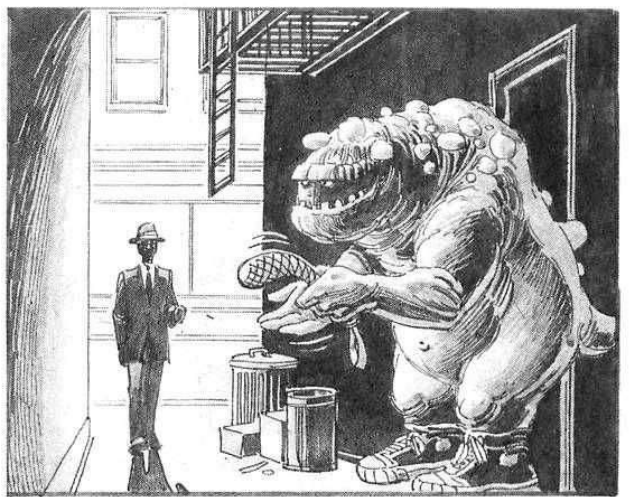
P Lo! The timid PIGGOPOTAMOUS
Wishes to remain anonymous
Let's respect his private feelings
And disregard his shady dealings



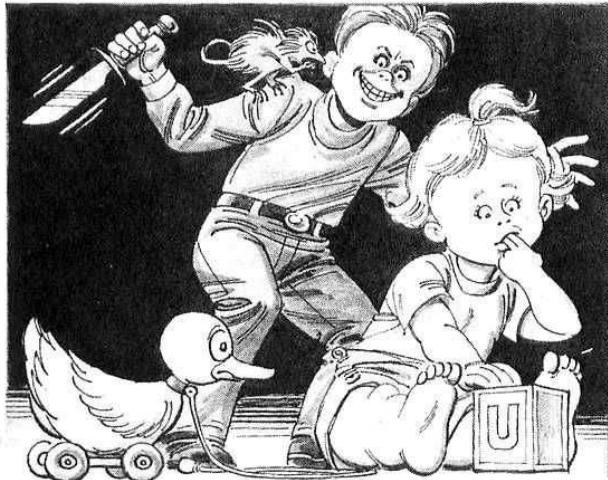
R The ROOD wears shoes that are corrective
He's a master of invective
Tho' his repertoire's depleted
What a (expletive deleted)!



T The THUGG resides in darkened alleys
Withered heaths and blasted valleys
He sucks the change out from your pockets
Then pops your eyes out from their sockets



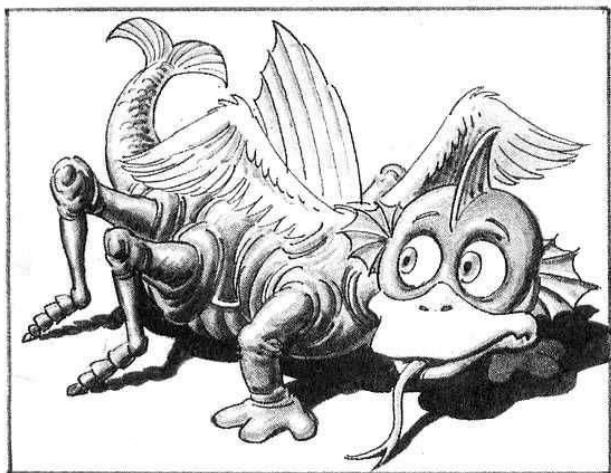
U Resist the *URGE*, you've got to stop
He'll make you murder Mom and Pop
Do little sister with a knife
And wind up getting ten-to-life



V *VULGARIANS* are everywhere
They push and shove and spit and swear
They wear loud suits, they have no taste
An ugly form of human waste



W The *WHATSIS*, sort of like a fish
It's not quite mammal, not quite knish
He seems to lack Identity
If you're confused, well so is he



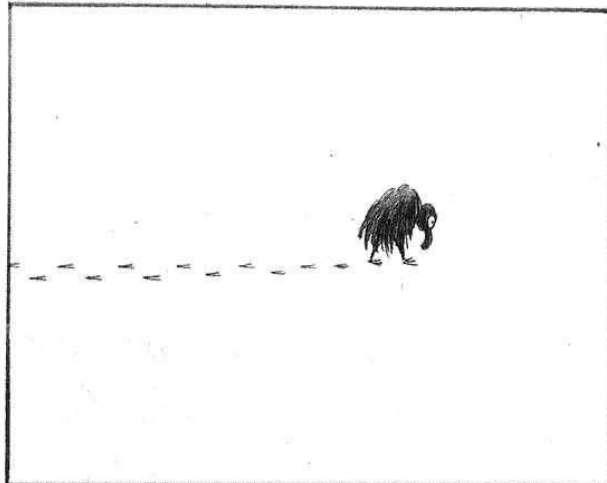
X Within your laundry dwells the *XOX*
He eats the toes out from your socks
Then he scrambles up the stripes and squares
And sends them back in unmatched pairs



Y The *YAK* goes on and on and on
And on and on and on and on
And on and on and on until
You think you'll smack her, yes you will

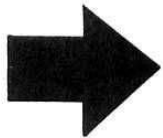


Z The *ZILCH* is really nothing much
He hardly matters, why he's such
An unimportant little twit
I don't know why I mentioned it



DRAW THE BABY **HULK**[®] CONTEST!

**Draw
Your
Version**



**THE PRIZE:
A GUEST
APPEARANCE
IN AN EPISODE OF:
TEEN HULK!**



To Enter: neatly cut entry blank out of this magazine, and draw in what you think **Baby Hulk** should look like.
Then: fill out entry blank below, and mail the whole thing to us before **February 6, 1981**.
Our editors will then pick a winner. All entries become **our property forever**, and this contest is void where prohibited, taxed, regulated, or treated meanly. So there.

Please Print Nice:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ **ZIP** _____

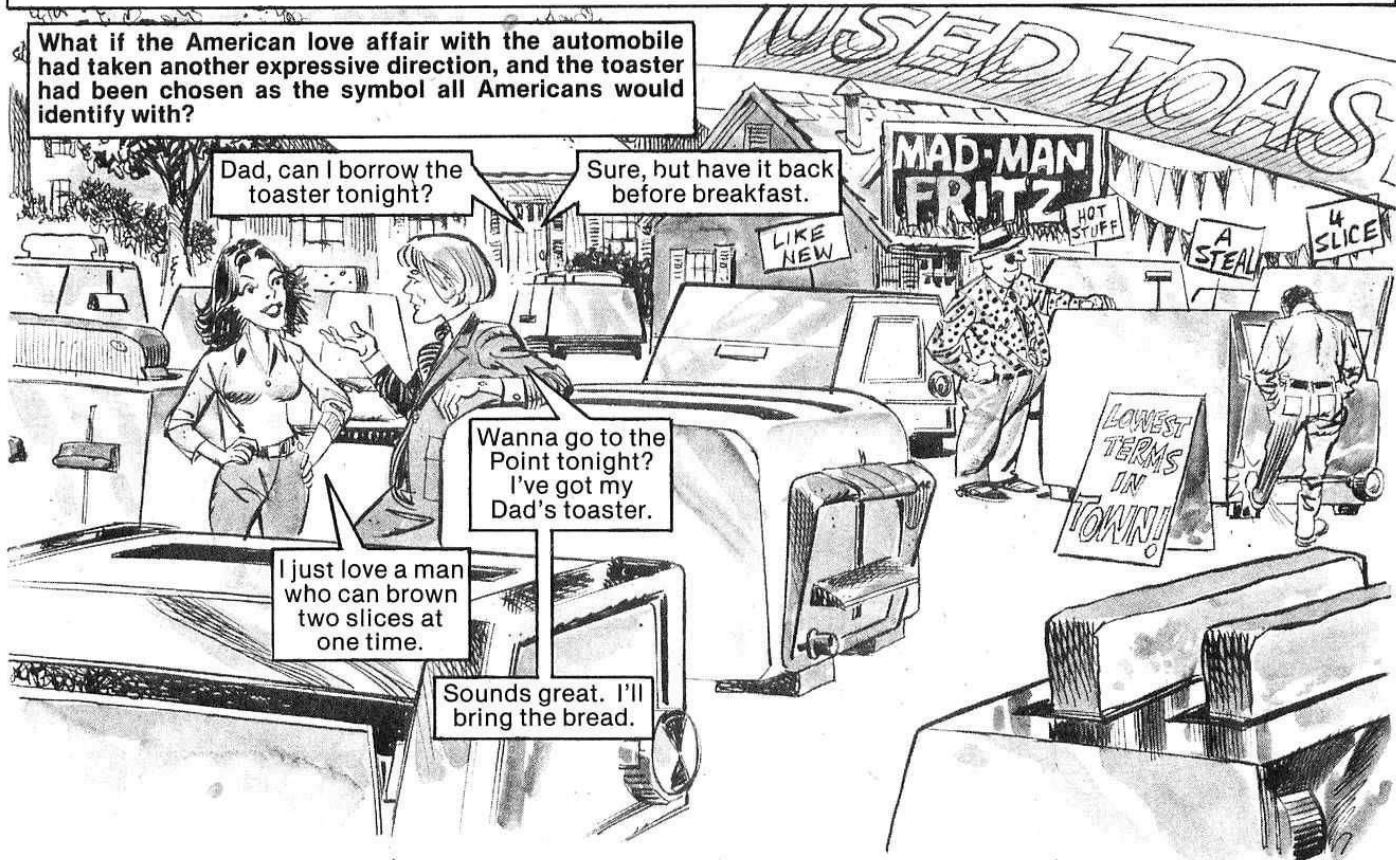
SEND THIS PAGE TO:



**CRAZY MAGAZINE
BABY CONTEST
575 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022**

One of the significant characteristics of the 20th century is the tendency of Americans to express themselves through fads and technology. It may be just by accident that the car, smoking cigarettes, and sports were chosen as ways of self-expression. What if other forms were chosen? It could've been CRAZY!

What if the American love affair with the automobile had taken another expressive direction, and the toaster had been chosen as the symbol all Americans would identify with?

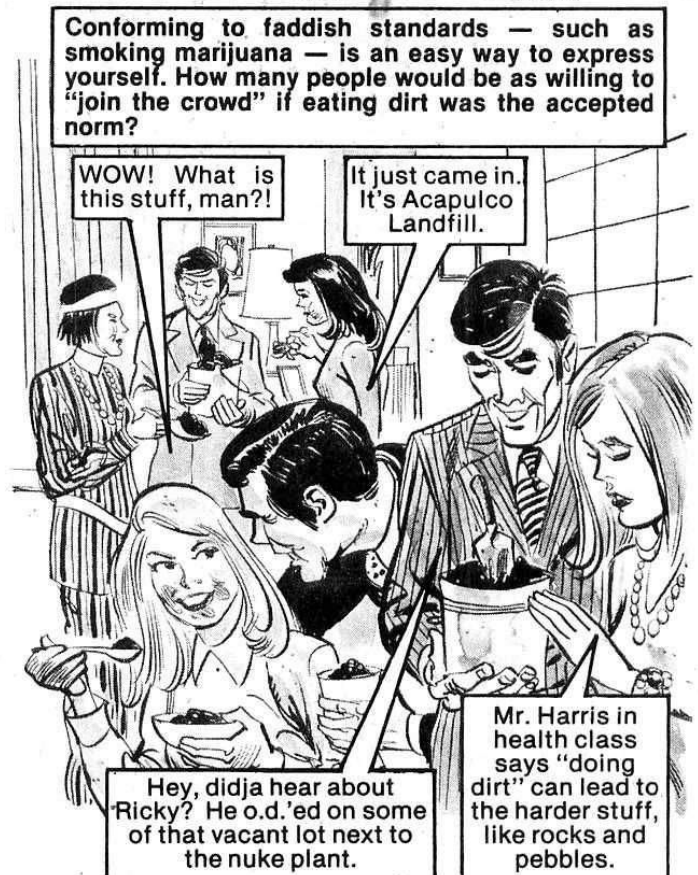
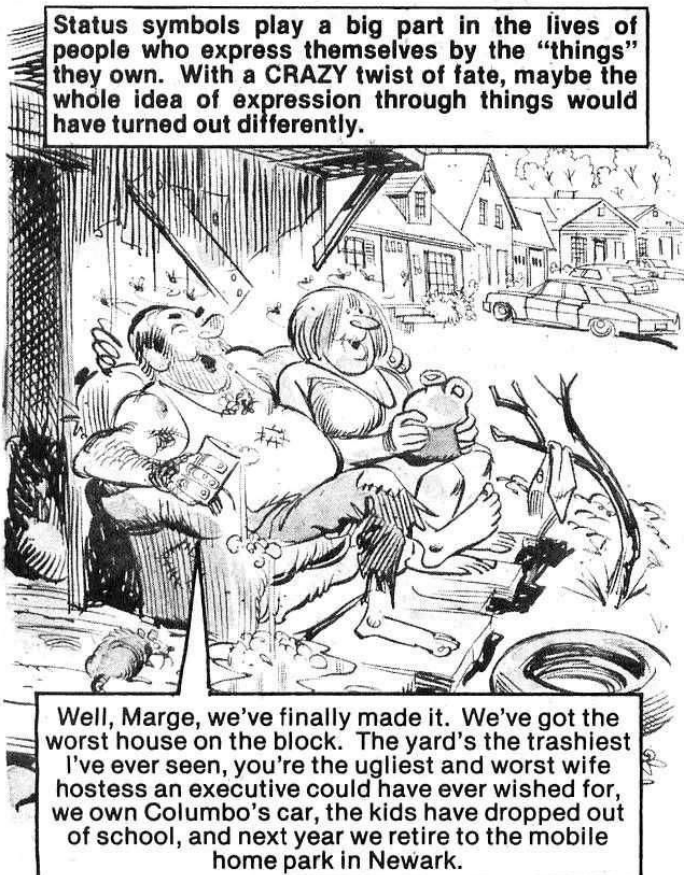
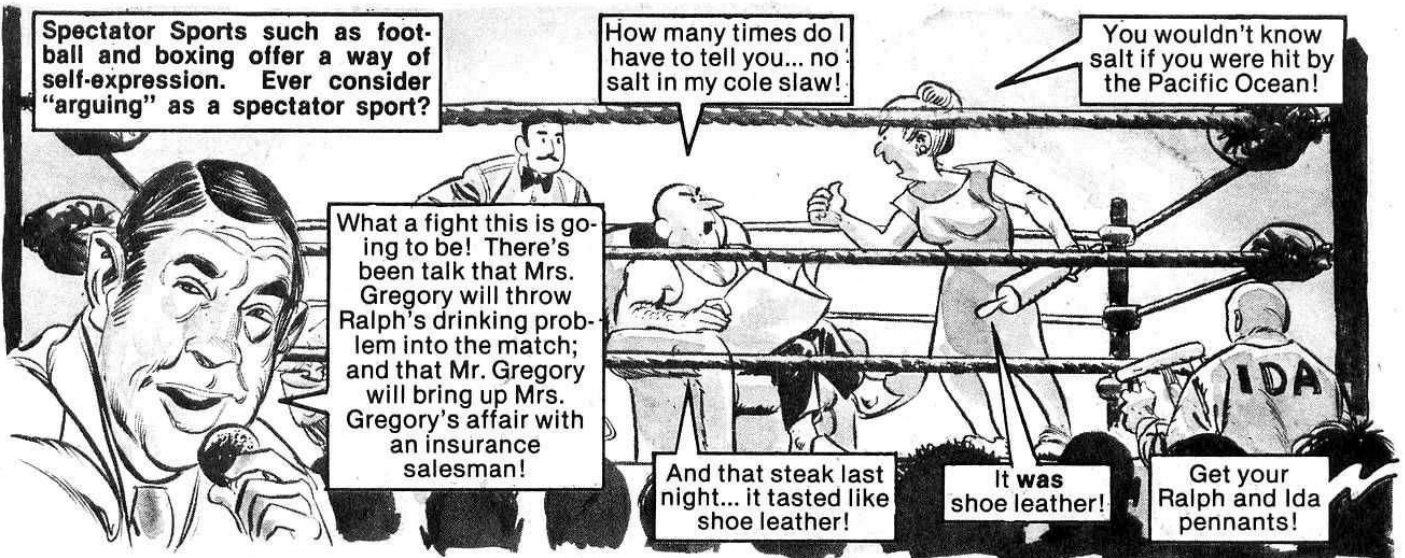
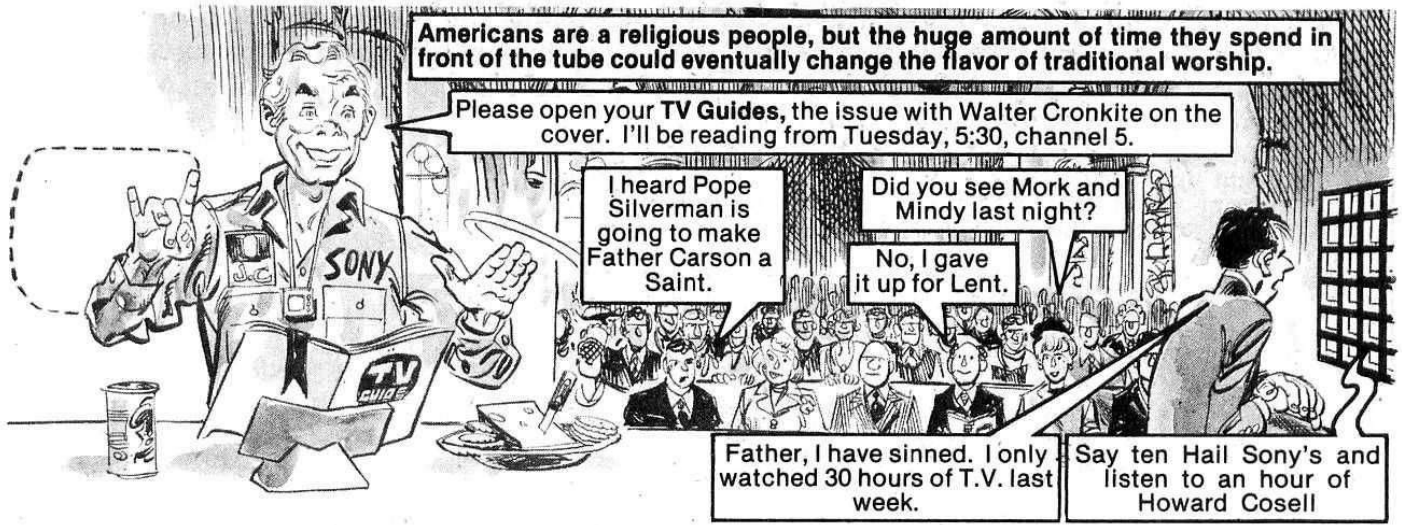


EXPRESSION OF PERSONALITY THROUGH FADS AND TECHNOLOGY

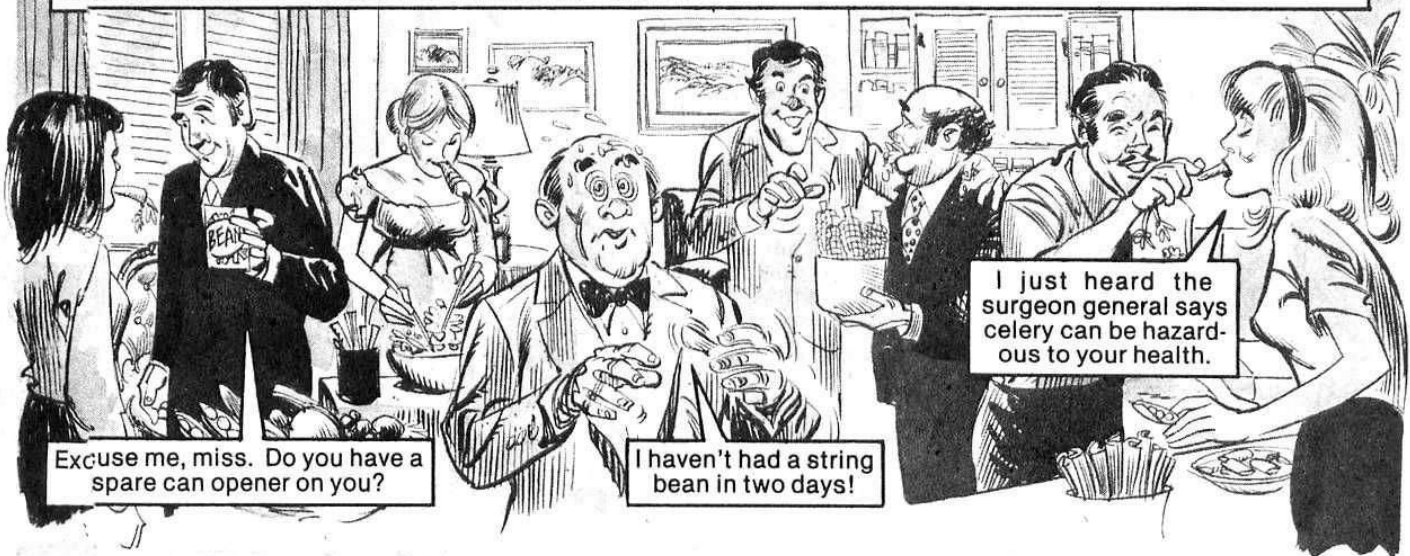


Writer:
Noel Baebler

Artist:
Frank Springer



As a social fad, smoking could have evolved along a different line. Imagine a cocktail party where eating vegetables has taken the place of the familiar cigarette.



Designer this, Gucci that. People seem to have an intense desire to express themselves by the designer clothes they wear. What if the Gucci's and Liz Claiborne's put their designer scrawl on things other than clothes?



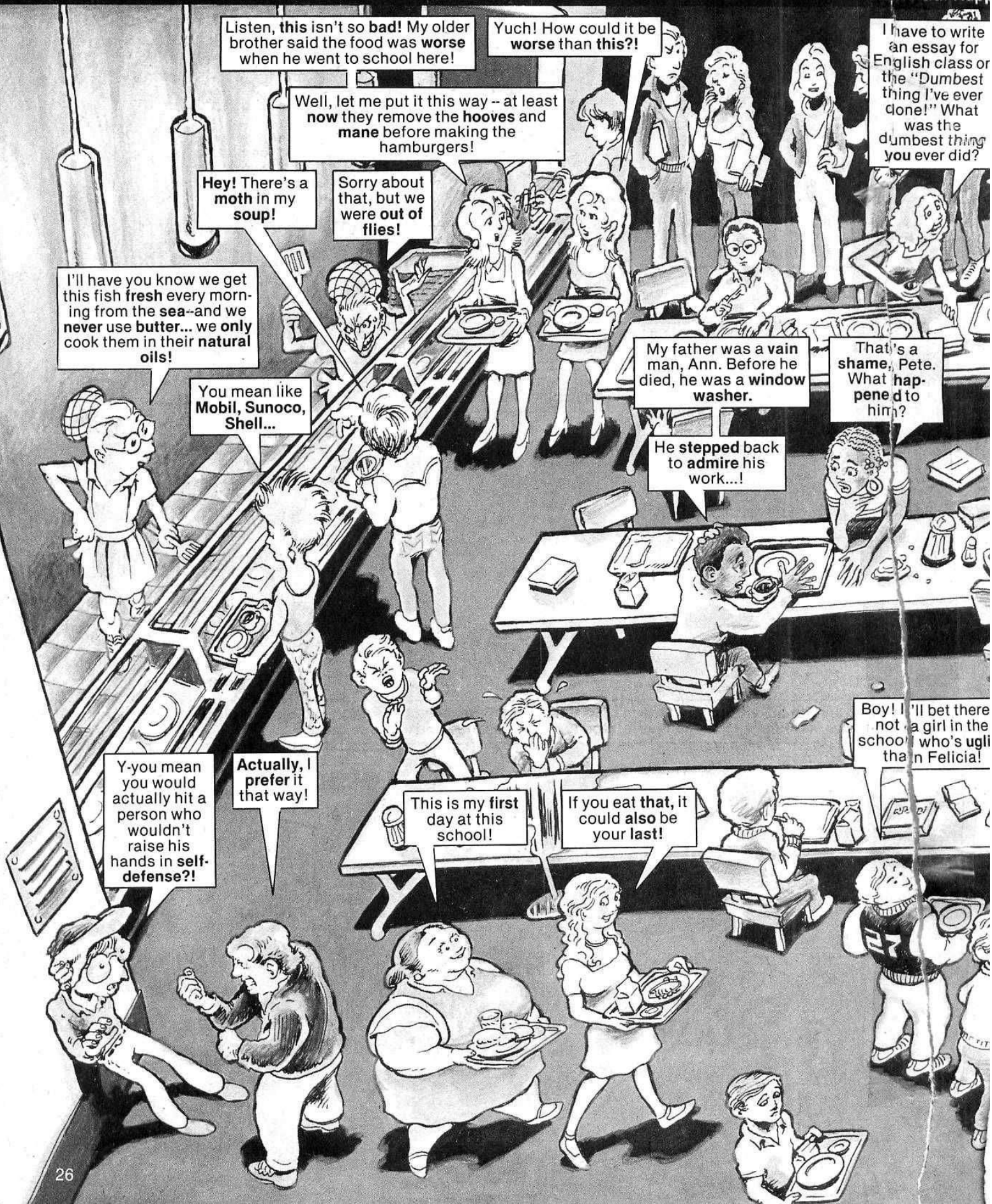
2000 years ago an adventurous spirit was put to the test by voyages to strange and distant places. Today we hike and jog. But are there any challenges left today to express that spirit of yesteryear?



END

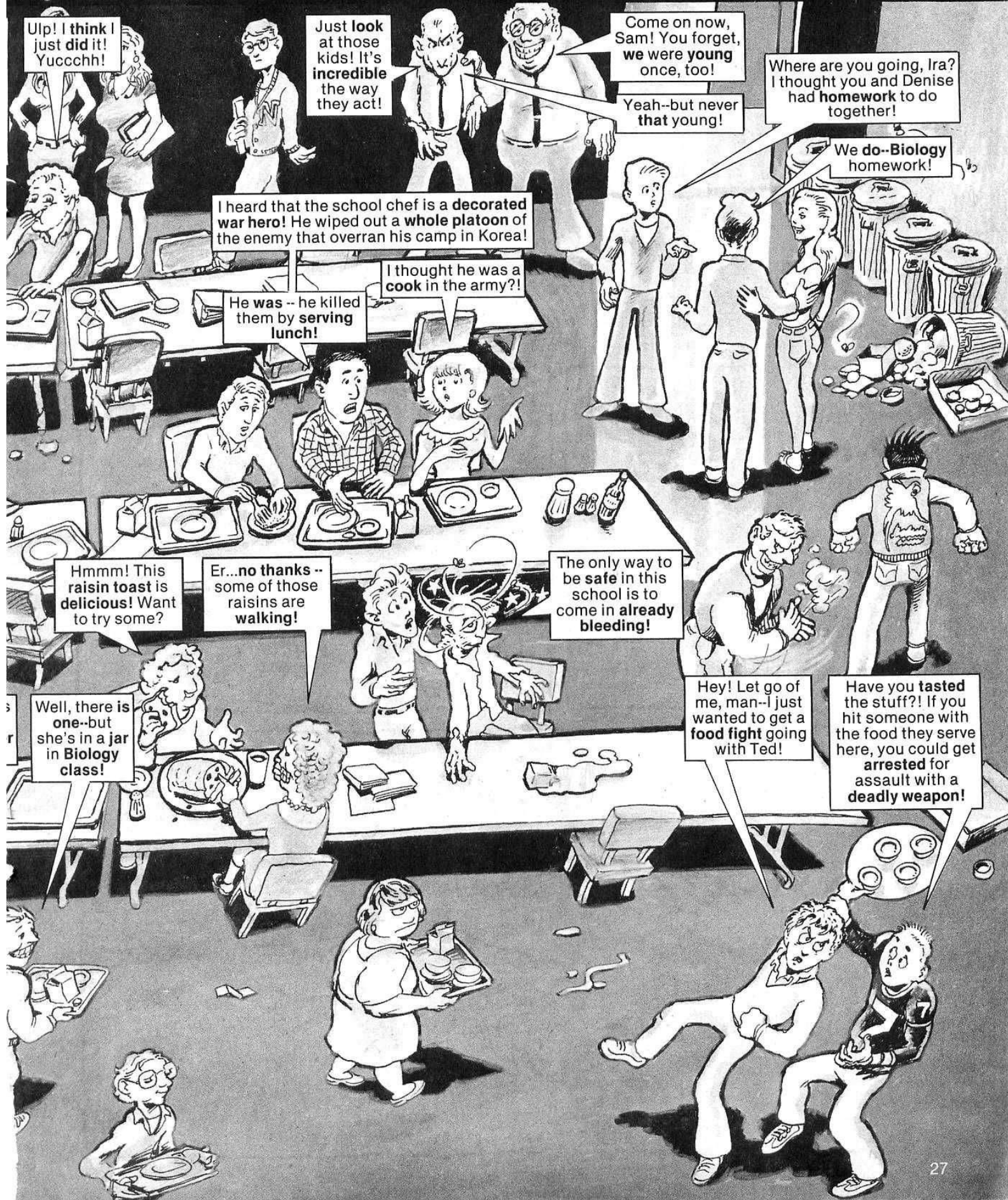
CRAZY Looks At

Writer: Paul Kupp



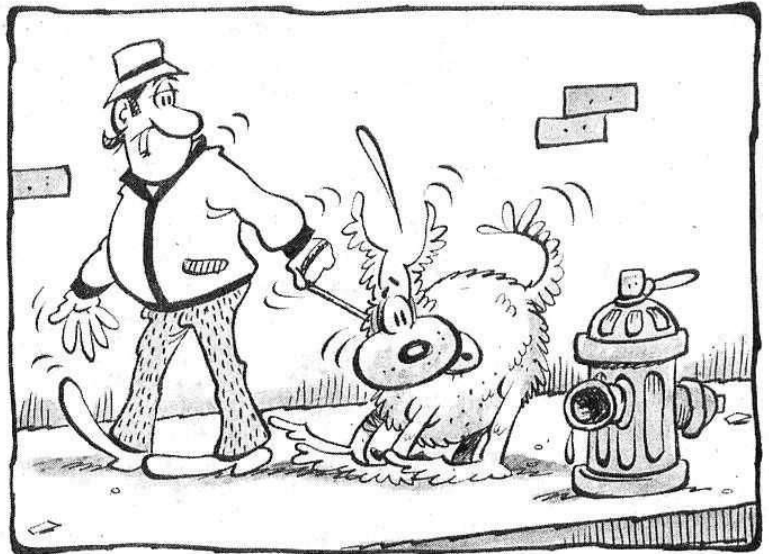
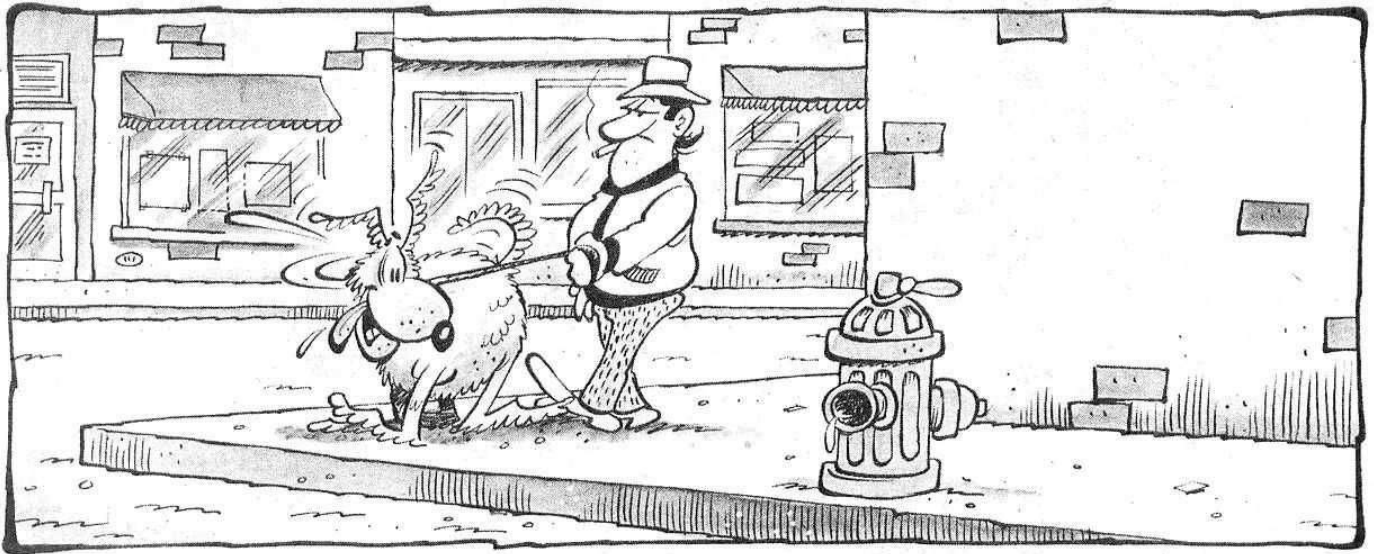
erberg Artist: Ned Sonntag

erberg Artist: Ned Sonntag



CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 2

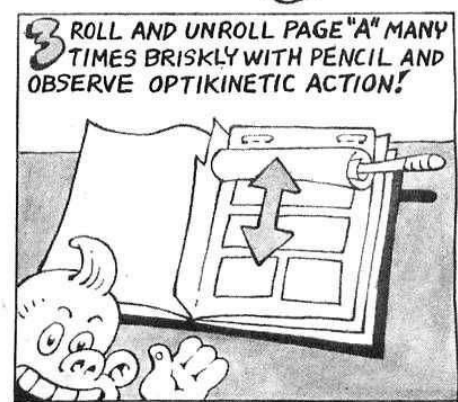
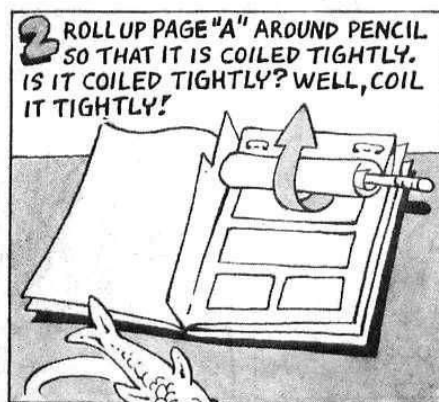
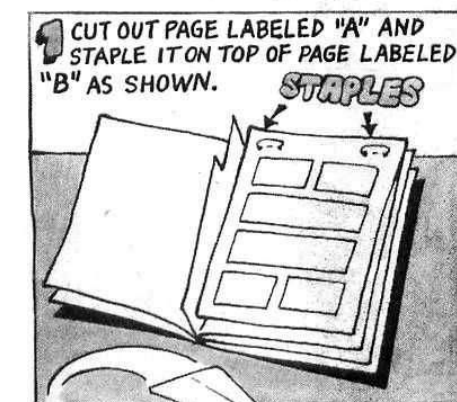
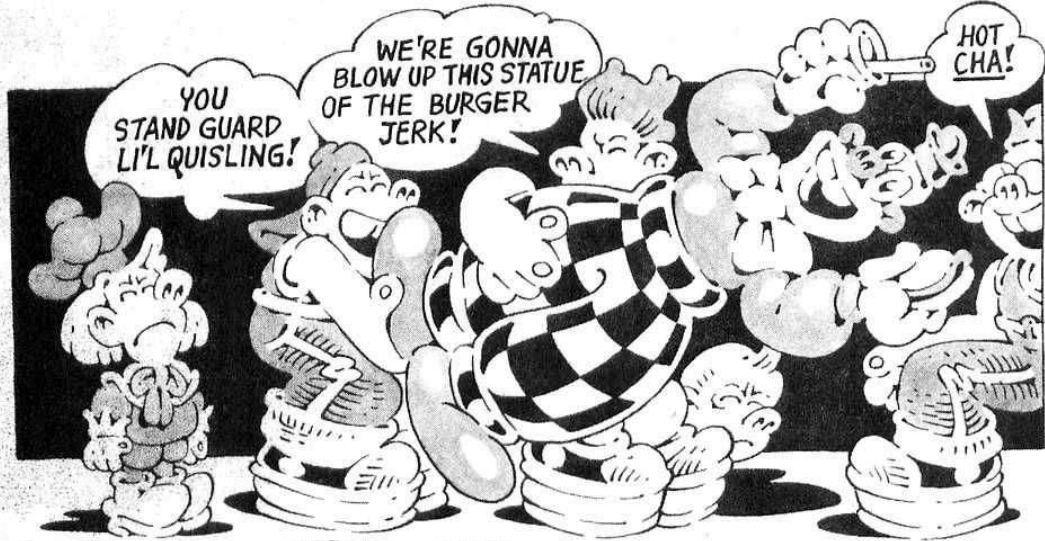
MORE DOGGIE DUMBNESS

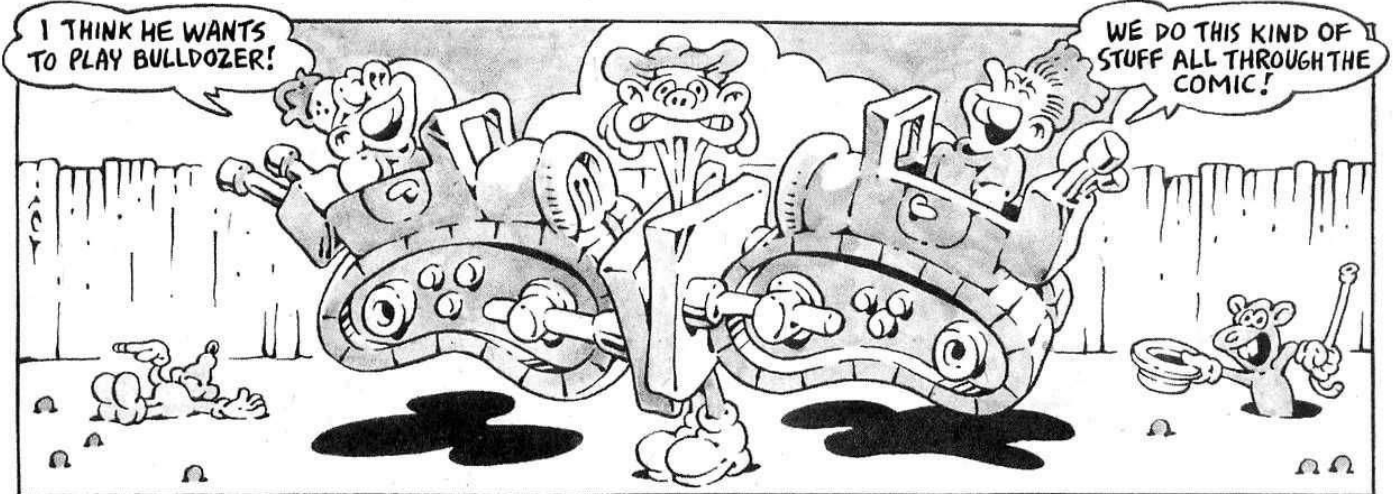
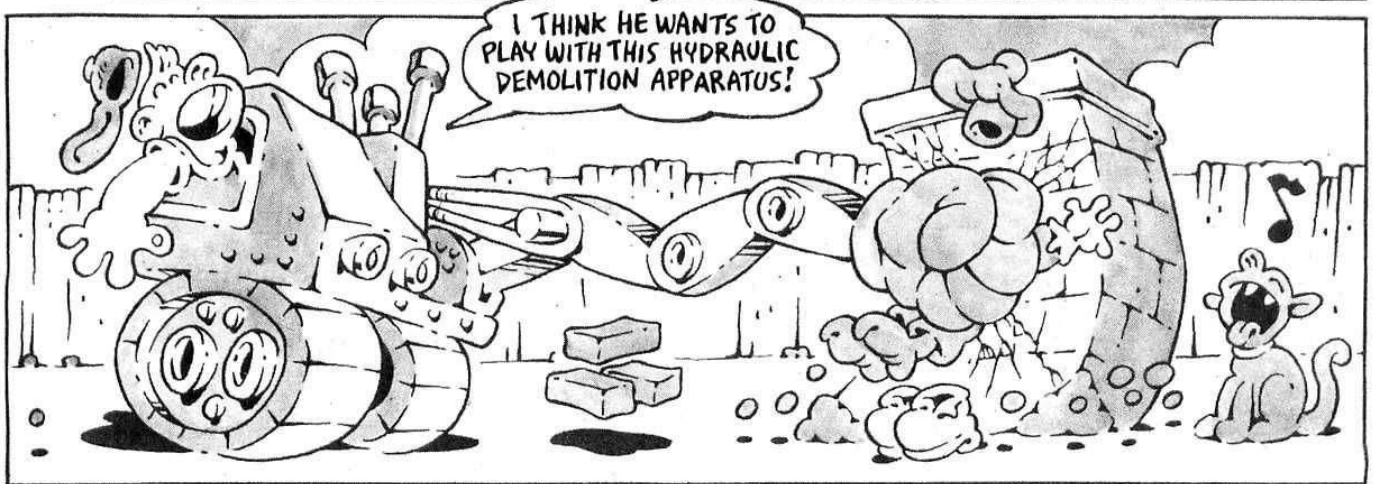
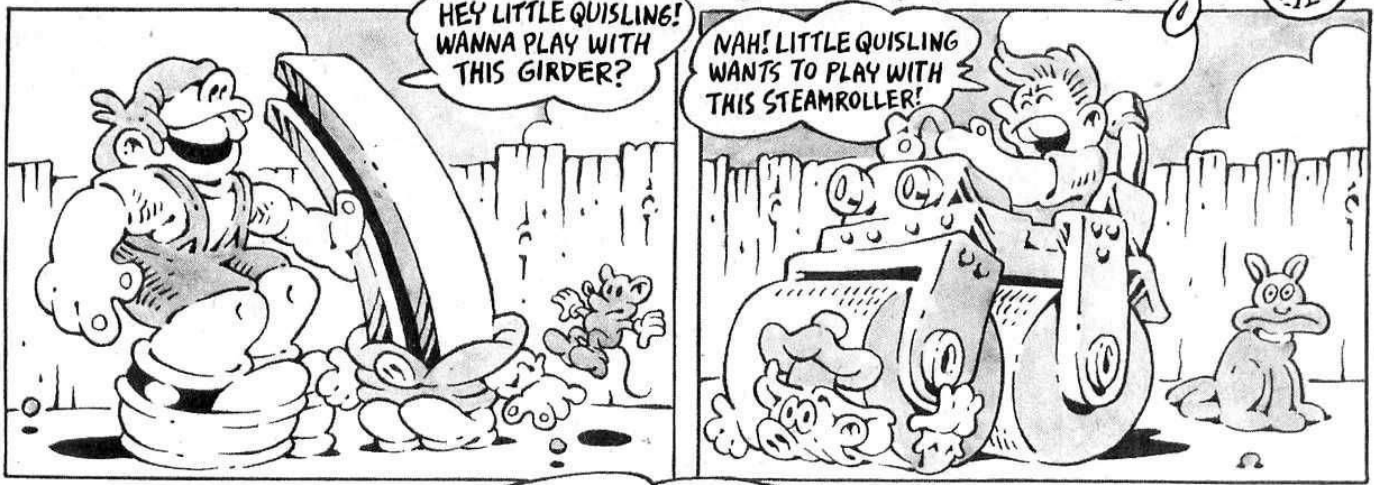


LOOK OUT GANG!
HERE COME...

The KINETIC KIDS

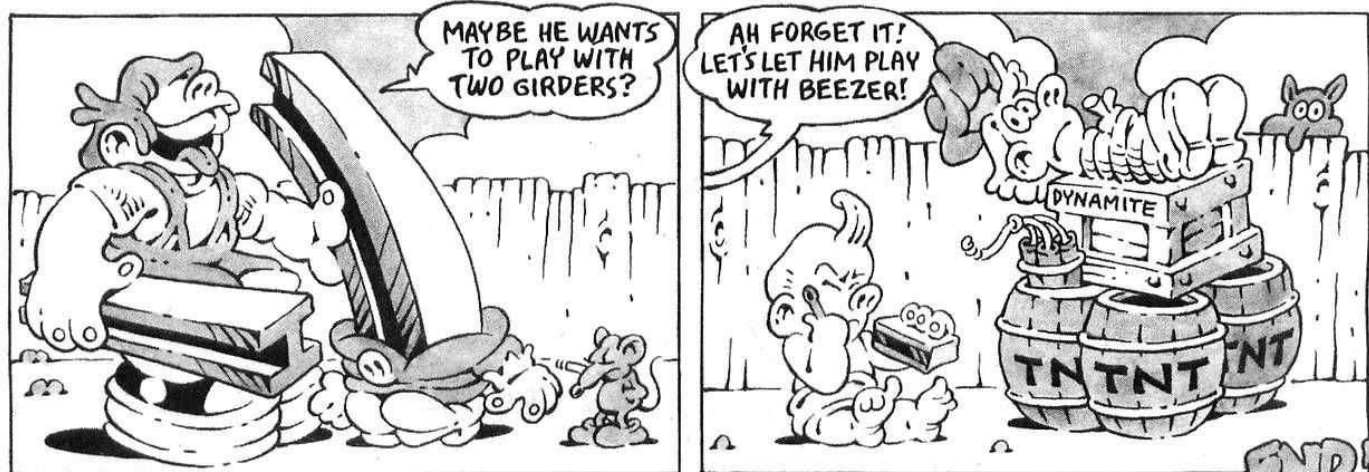
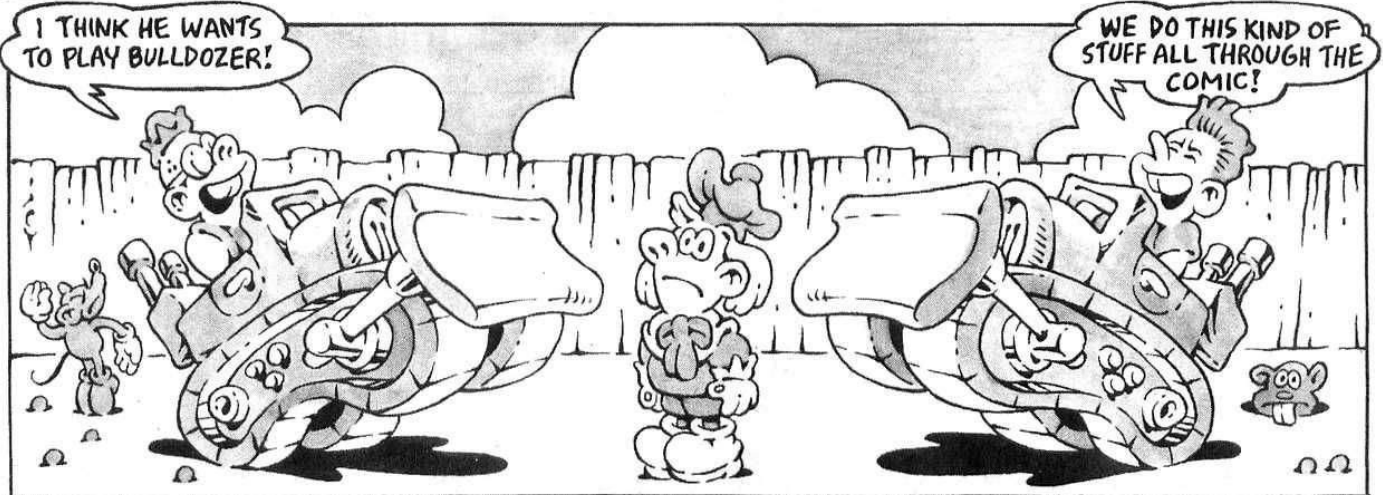
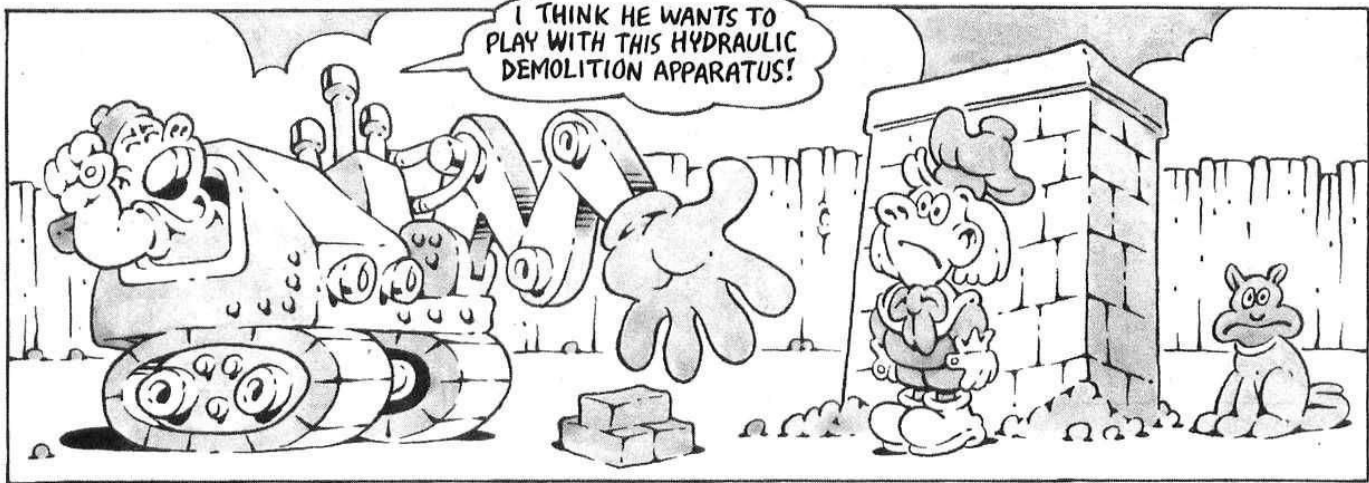
AN OPTIKINET/COMIC!





END!

THE KINETIC KIDS and Little Quisling in "Heavy Equipment!" Page (B)



END! 31

THE EXOTIC FANTASY...



...AND THE BORING REALITY



FAREWELL MY SWEET RETRO- ROCKETS

Writer: Marc Bilgrey

Photographer: Michael Sullivan

Alpha: Larry O'Neil

Andromeda: Karen Prohazka

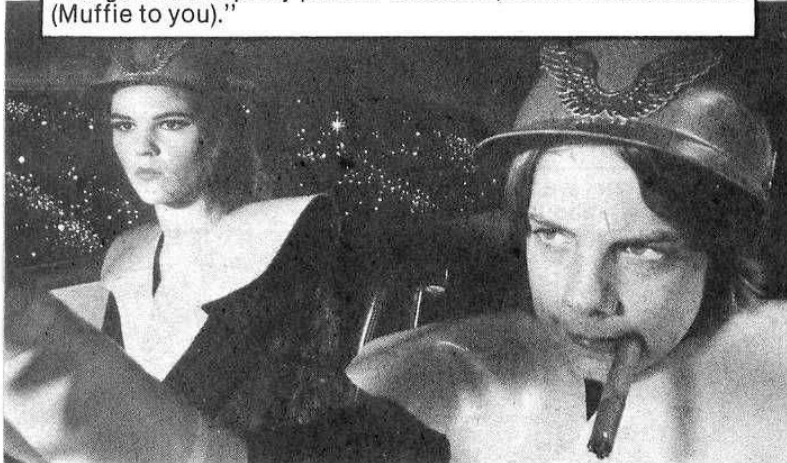
Sidney: Chris Weidner

Stylist: Linda Sampson

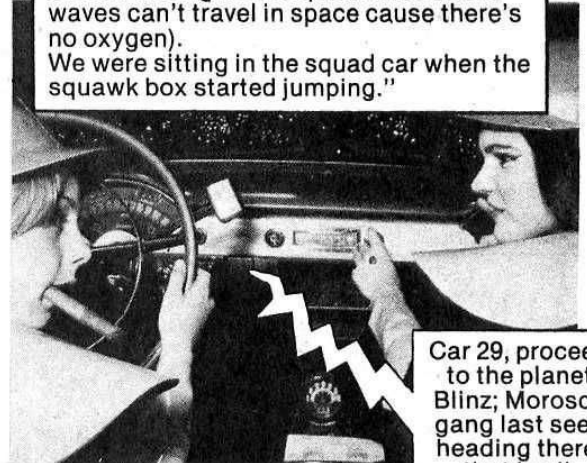
'55 Chevy courtesy of Chris Weidner.

Kitchen by Linda Sampson

"My name's Beta. Alpha-Beta, but you can call me Al. I'm an intergalactic cop. My partner's a dame, name of Andromeda (Muffie to you)."



"Tuesday was a quiet night (come to think of it all the nights are quiet since sound waves can't travel in space cause there's no oxygen). We were sitting in the squad car when the squawk box started jumping."



Car 29, proceed to the planet Blinz; Morosco gang last seen heading there, that is all.

Morosco gang?

Yeah, sweets, feast your peepers on this.



Wanted for:
ARMED ROBBERY, EXTORTION AND FAIL-
ING TO OBSERVE THE NO SMOKING SIGNS
IN A PUBLIC ELEVATOR

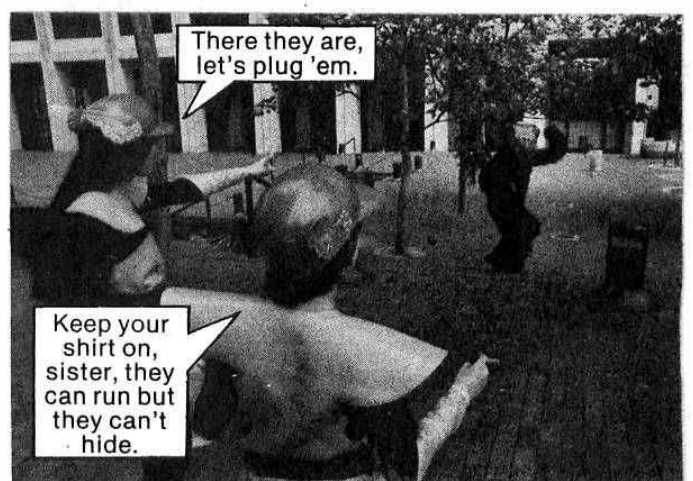


"Moments later we landed on the planet. It wasn't much to look at, kinda like being in Cleveland on a bad night only less picturesque (if that's possible). But we weren't there for sight seeing, we had a job to do."



There they are, let's plug 'em.

Keep your shirt on, sister, they can run but they can't hide.

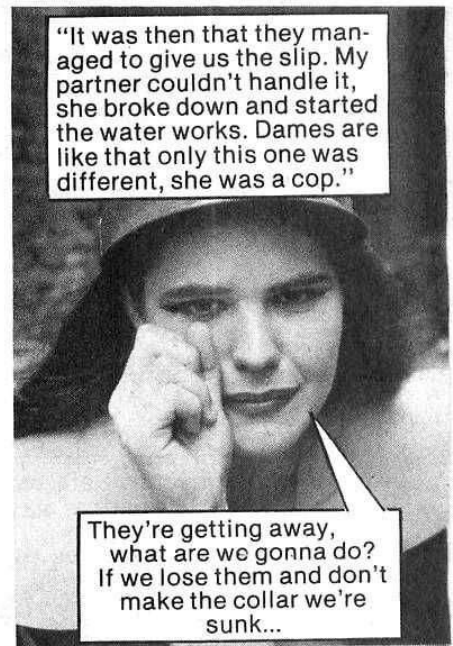




"We pulled out our rods and gave 'em a dose of heat."

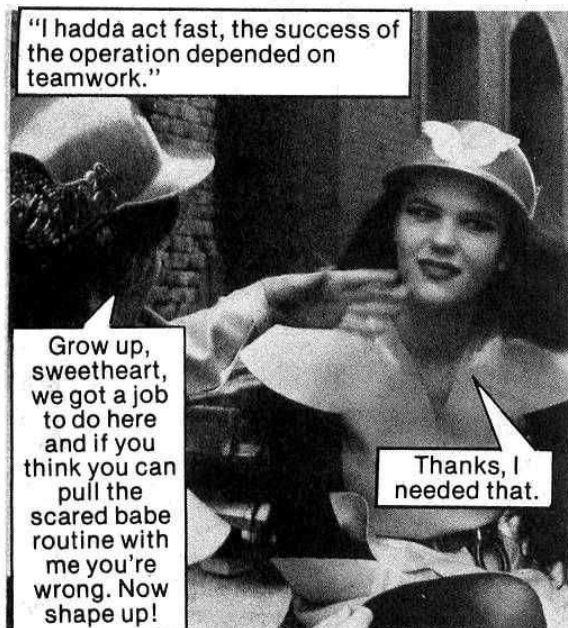
Take that you lousy copper!

Eat ions, flatfoot!



"It was then that they managed to give us the slip. My partner couldn't handle it, she broke down and started the water works. Dames are like that only this one was different, she was a cop."

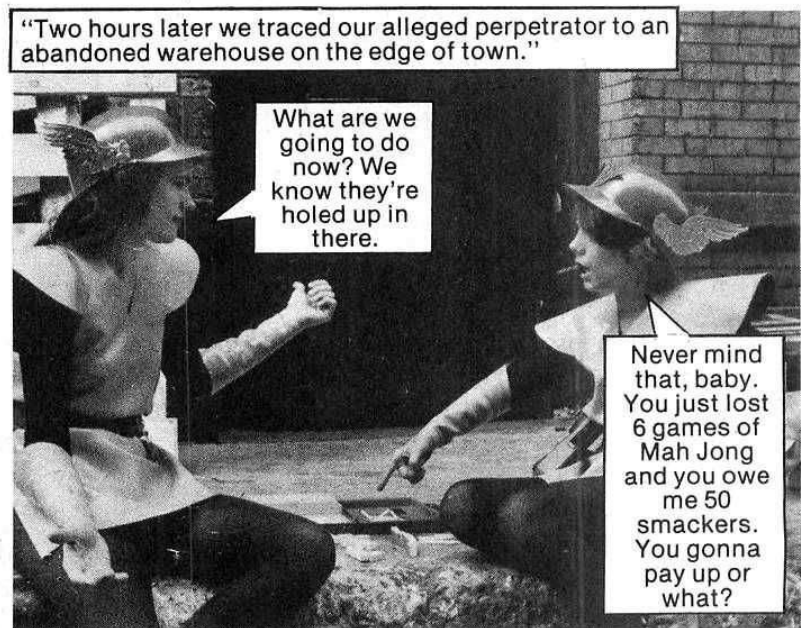
They're getting away, what are we gonna do? If we lose them and don't make the collar we're sunk...



"I hadda act fast, the success of the operation depended on teamwork."

Grow up, sweetheart, we got a job to do here and if you think you can pull the scared babe routine with me you're wrong. Now shape up!

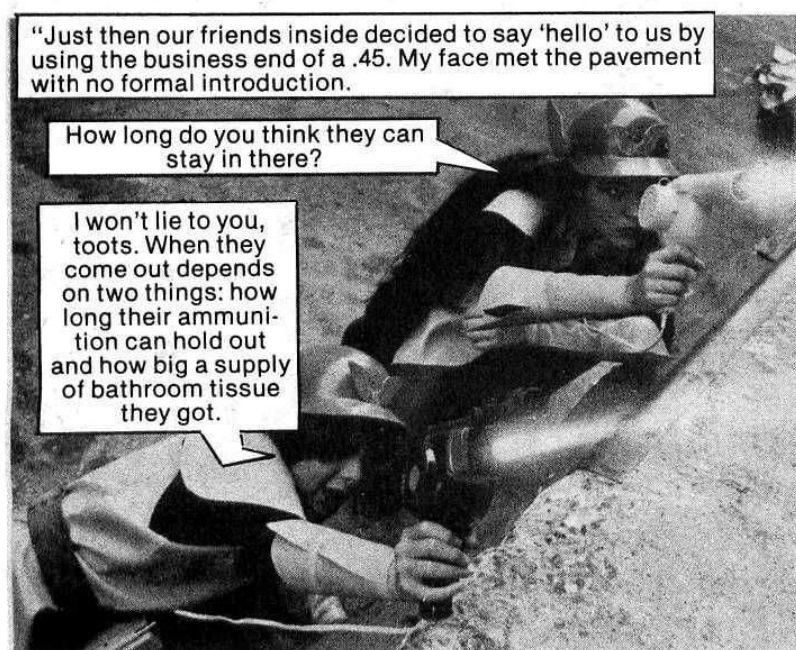
Thanks, I needed that.



"Two hours later we traced our alleged perpetrator to an abandoned warehouse on the edge of town."

What are we going to do now? We know they're holed up in there.

Never mind that, baby. You just lost 6 games of Mah Jong and you owe me 50 smackers. You gonna pay up or what?



"Just then our friends inside decided to say 'hello' to us by using the business end of a .45. My face met the pavement with no formal introduction."

How long do you think they can stay in there?

I won't lie to you, toots. When they come out depends on two things: how long their ammunition can hold out and how big a supply of bathroom tissue they got.



Meanwhile, inside the warehouse....

What are you looking at?

I'm looking at you, you big fat lummo. It's your fault we're in this predicament...

Oh, it's my fault now?





Kinda small, ain't she?

What do you want, she's over 90.

Sonny, this is your mother, come down and give yourself up!



Hey, that's me own mudder!

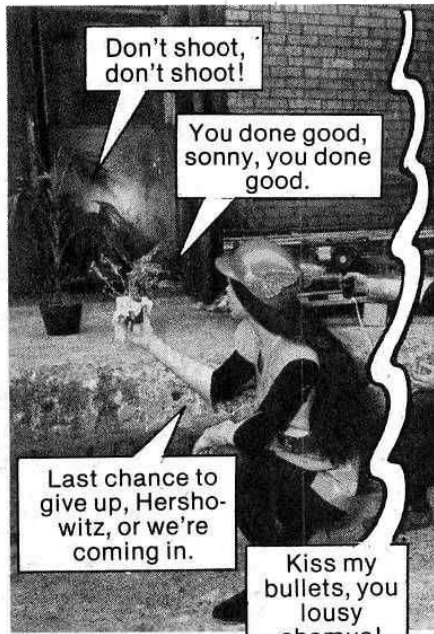
Don't let 'em play you for a sap! That's the oldest trick in the book!



Sonny, if you come out now they'll go easy on you!

I'm going!

Suit yourself, pal. S'long, sucker. When you're in the big house I'll be living it up like Rockefeller.

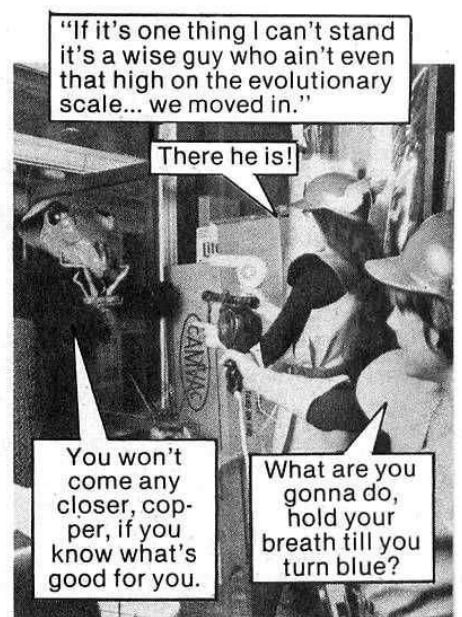


Don't shoot, don't shoot!

You done good, sonny, you done good.

Last chance to give up, Hershowitz, or we're coming in.

Kiss my bullets, you lousy shamus!



"If it's one thing I can't stand it's a wise guy who ain't even that high on the evolutionary scale... we moved in."

There he is!

You won't come any closer, copper, if you know what's good for you.

What are you gonna do, hold your breath till you turn blue?

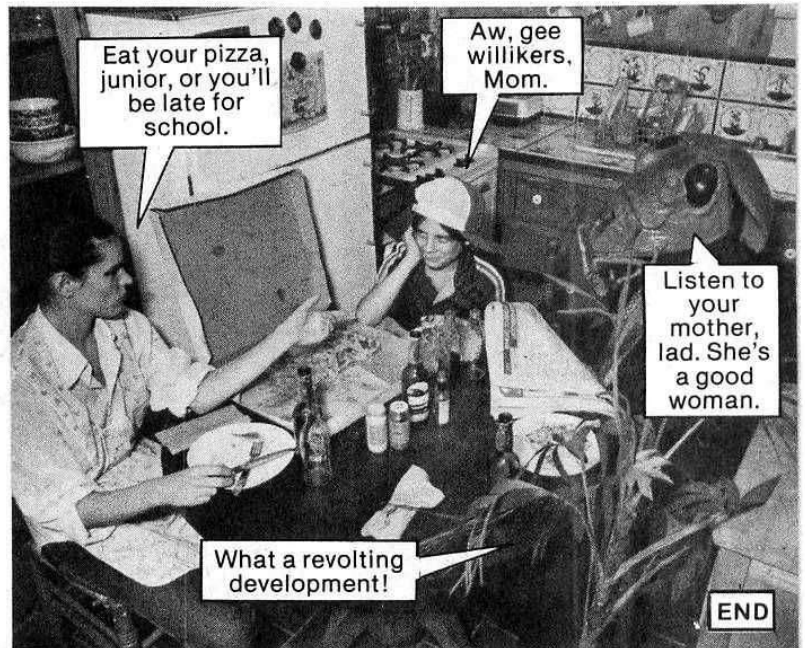


"It was then that he pulled out a weird looking gizmo..."

Okay, copper, you asked for it! All I have to do is pull the pin on this machine...

...and I'll drastically alter all reality in the universe!

Don't do it, you fool!



Eat your pizza, junior, or you'll be late for school.

Aw, gee willikers, Mom.

Listen to your mother, lad. She's a good woman.

What a revolting development!

END



THE
DUCK
SECTION

Stan Lee PRESENTS:
HOWARD THE DUCK!

SATIRE
PARODY
SPACE-FILLER

Writer: Steve Skeates Artists: Pat Broderick and Armando Gil

What in heaven's name are you up to, ducky? That's the most ridiculous outfit I've ever seen! You look really dumb!

Watch your mouth, kiddo! I know it's kinda hard to do without a mirror, so here's a mirror!

But that isn't a mirror, is it? It's a magnifying glass! So, use that instead!

Not to watch your mouth, but to look for clues! We're on a case!

"HOWIE'S
MINUTE
MYSTERY"

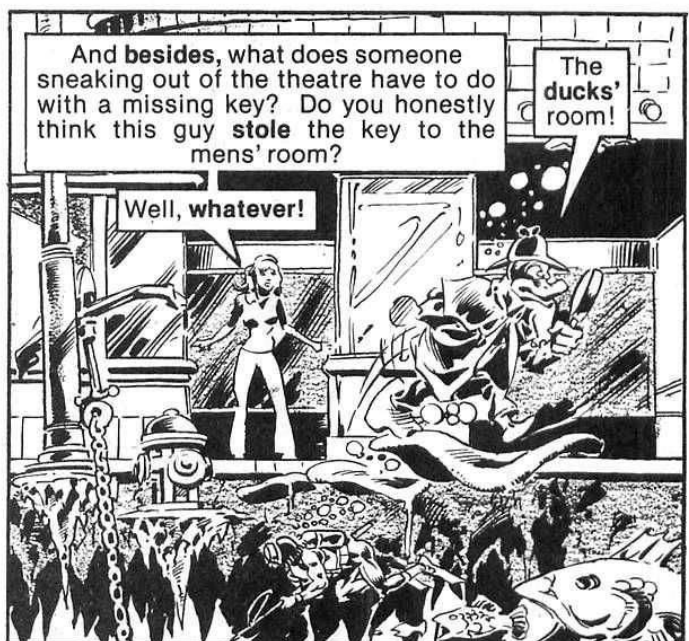
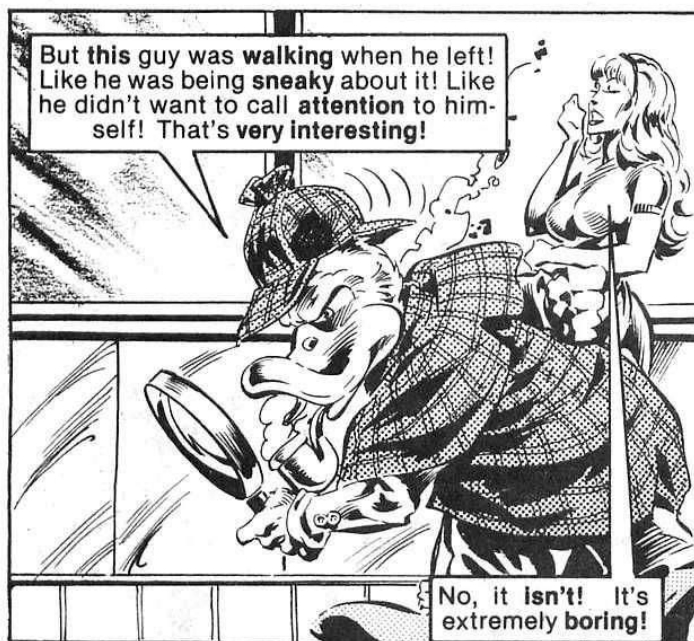
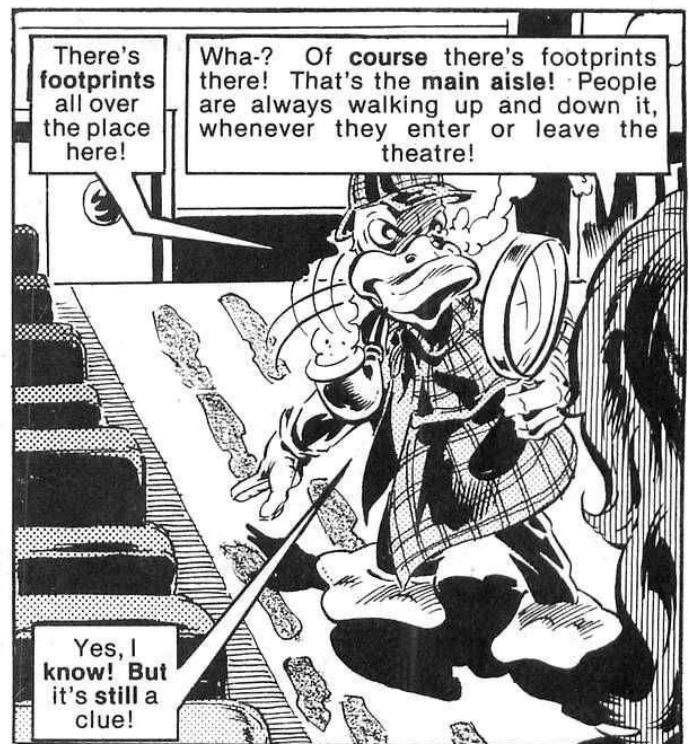
A case? The only case I see around here is a case of insipid insanity which you seem to have adroitly developed!

Wrong again, toots! This isn't a case of insanity! This is the case of the missing key!

Or, to be more specific: the key to the little ducks' room!

You mean your office?

No, I mean the mens' room! I've decided to change its name to the ducks' room! Do you mind?



Look at it **this** way, kid ' - when a great **DUCKtective** is on a case, he mustn't overlook **any** clue, no matter **how** insignificant it may seem! Take this discarded candy bar wrapper, for instance...



Howie —
Look
out!

Good grief, ducky! Off hand, I'd say that **safe** was meant to squish you all over the pavement! Could be you **are** onto something big!



That I **am**, toots! That candy bar wrapper may have been a red herring, but not this **safe**!

And now, with my nimble fingers (the ones on my left hand), I'm going to crack this baby wide open!



And **there** you have it! The key to the whole crazy mystery! This case had been solved!



But, ducky, this doesn't make any sense!
How did —

Hey, where are you going?



Come now, Bev! You must at least have enough **deDUCKtive** reasoning with you to realize I was looking for the key to the ducks' room for a **reason**!

Now, wait a minute!

How the **heck** did that key wind up in this **safe**? And what's that got to do with a man **sneaking** out of the theatre?

I'm glad **Howie's** relieved, but this silly mystery sure doesn't make much sense to **me**!



END

OBNOXIO

THE CLOWN FUNPAGES

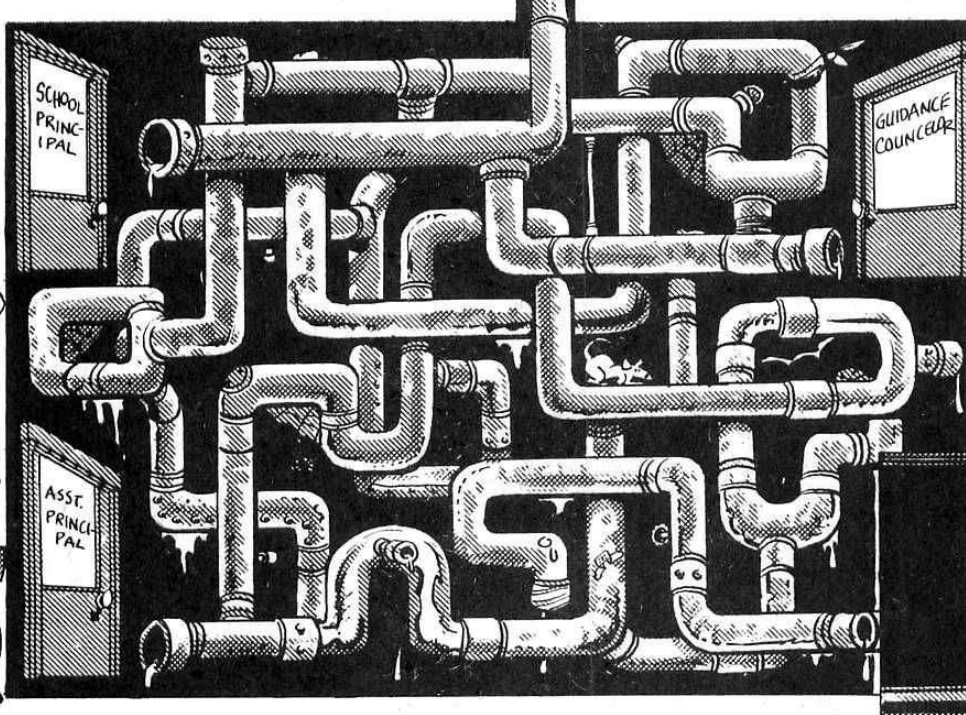
Writer: Virgil Diamond Artist: Alan Kupperberg

ALAN KUPPERBERG 7.80

TERRIBLE TIMMY!

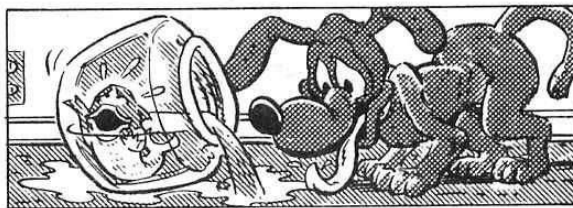


Timmy has stuffed his failing report card into the bathroom facilities, and has caused a flood. Your job is to help Timmy get back to his classroom without getting caught by the school authorities.



(CLIP AND SAVE!)

HELPFUL HINTS: the WRONG WAY TO CONSERVE WATER!



It's important not to waste the wet stuff, but don't have your dog and goldfish drink out of the same bowl.



ANNUAL ZIT-OFF!

Velma ate too much chocolate cake and greasy french fries for lunch, and her face developed a terrible case of acne. It's your task to count the blemishes.



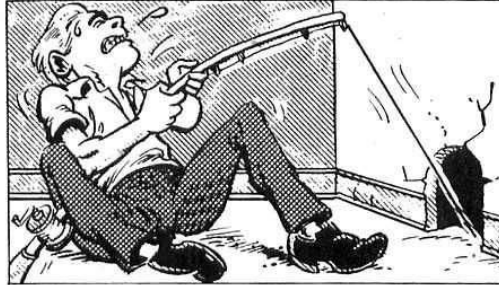
I have counted _____ pimples, blackheads, carbunkles, and other unsightly growths.

Answer: There's no way to tell how many there are because every two seconds she develops another unsightly growth.



If a rodent bit your baby sister while she slept, it would cause her grave harm. So I'm sure that dad wouldn't mind if you borrowed his rod so you can go...

Mouse Fishing



1. Put a piece of cheese on the fish hook, and drop your line in front of a mouse hole.

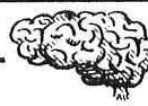
2. When the little "critter" starts nibbling, set the hook and reel him in.



Another revolting rebus!

COMPOUND INSULTS!



 + I +  + I =	
 +  =	
 DING +  =	
 +  COO COO =	



These are the punchlines to some of my favorite jokes:

"You can't unload bowling balls with a pitchfork!"

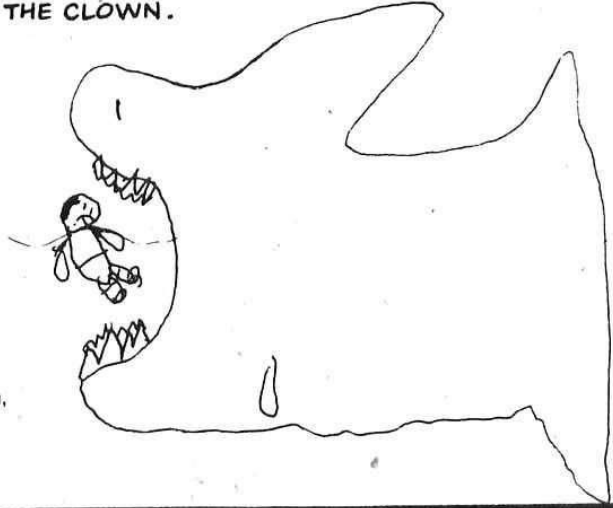
"Well, first of all, she's black..."

"Slow natives!"

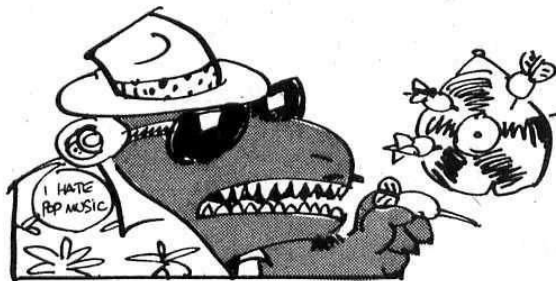
"Braided armpits!"



"This Is My Favorite Picture Of The Month"
--OBNOXIO THE CLOWN.



Sent to me by
Chris Gandreau,
Cumberland,
R.I.



Salaam, salamanders! It's the Saurian of Sound...
Behemoth Jack... hosting...

Featuring your favorite hits...
as they sounded
before last-minute revisions!

THE ELEVENTH HOUR SPECIAL

Writer: David Allikas

Artist: Dave Morris

When you hear **this** goon croon, you'll know
why he's named... **Bruce Strychnine!**

*In the summer we jog on, even though
It's a hundred and eleven degrees;
In wintertime we plod through the snow
Until our nose hairs freeze —
Dodging traffic, and bothered by
Shin splints, swollen ankles, and stuff
dogs and horses supply —
Baby, this sport leaves your eyelashes
sore
Makes your sweat pour
Drops your bod at death's door;
If you're a masochist it's fun —
But as for me... baby, I'm too worn
to run!*



'Scuse me... got someone
between my teeth!

BRING BACK
MANTOVANI

Fans from the early 70's
will recall these two...
if their record companies
don't recall them first!
Carly Simony... and
Michael Jerkson!

She's out of her mind
She's out of her mind
Her violent ire
I can't ignore
While howitzers fire
Through my front door!
Yes, from what I can see
She's out of her tree!

She's out of her gourd
She's out of her gourd
The thing that upset her
Was simply this;
I bowed when I met her
And called her "miss"!;
That was stupid to say;
She's with ERA!

Oh, Momma, make him hush his lip
Fo' he puts the skids on my return trip;
Don't let him spoil it
When he starts drinking
Show him the toilet!
Billy — no more T.V. interviews!
Please, Billy — no more Libyan
I.O.U.'s!
No, Billy — no more cracks against
the Jews!
If folks hear any more, I won't make
it in '84!

Whew! For this I gave up modeling?

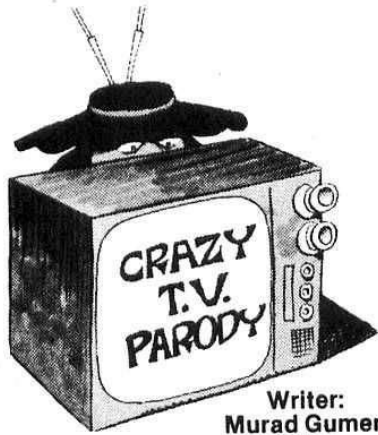
Later,
lizards!

YOU'RE
SO
VAIN

CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 3

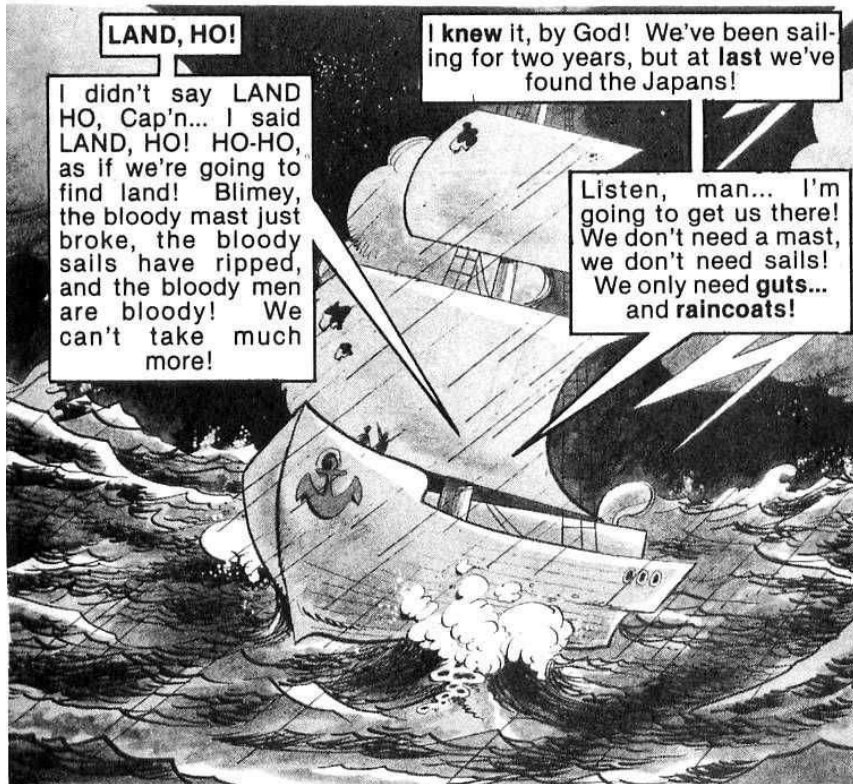
AND STILL MORE DOGGIE DUMBNESS





Writer:
Murad Gumen
Artist:
Kent Gamble

SHOO-IN



LAND, HO!

I didn't say LAND HO, Cap'n... I said LAND, HO! HO-HO, as if we're going to find land! Blimey, the bloody mast just broke, the bloody sails have ripped, and the bloody men are bloody! We can't take much more!

I **knew** it, by God! We've been sailing for two years, but at **last** we've found the Japans!

Listen, man... I'm going to get us there! We don't need a mast, we don't need sails! We only need **guts...** and **raincoats!**

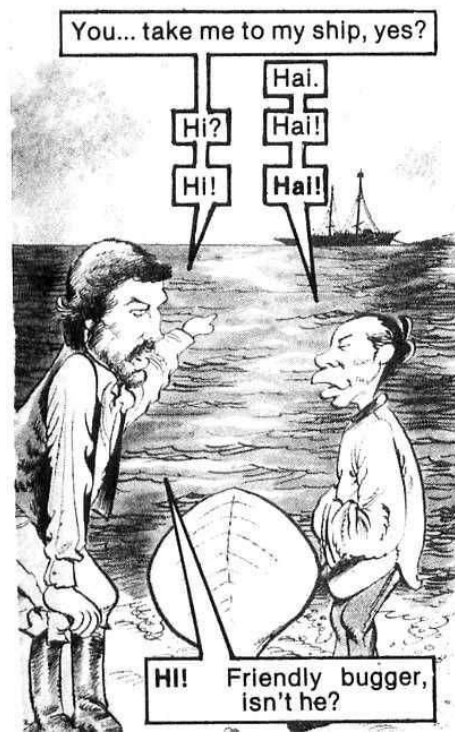


Hitachi toyota-sony! Hondafuji?

Eh? I don't understand you, old girl... there are no **subtitles!** But I have two questions. Is this the Japans?

Wakarimasen!

Good. Second question... since my crew and I were knocked out by the storm, how did you know I was the leader to give me this **special treatment?**



You... take me to my ship, yes?

Hi?
Hi!
Hi!
Hai!
Hai!
Hai!

Hi! Friendly bugger, isn't he?

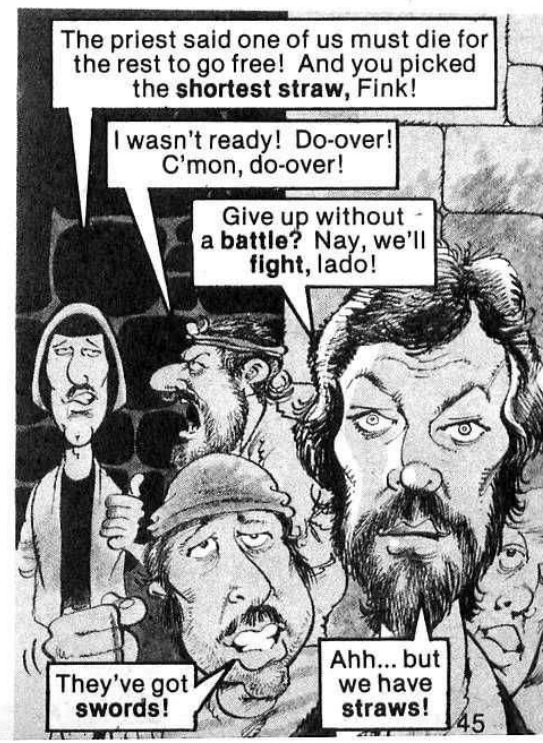


You will not have your ship, you filthy heretic pirate!

Liar! Airplanes have not been invented yet!

I am not a pirate, you Jesuit pig! I'm a **pilot!**

WAK!



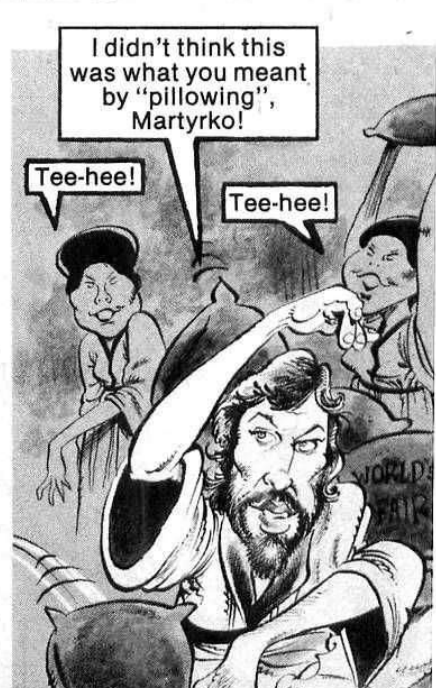
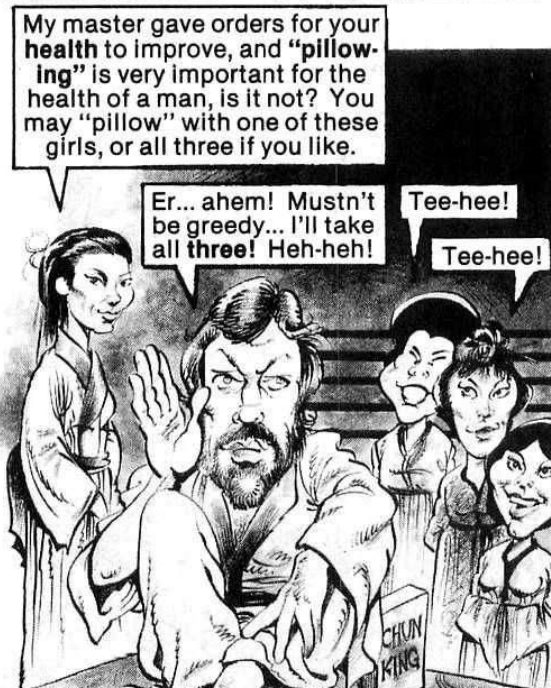
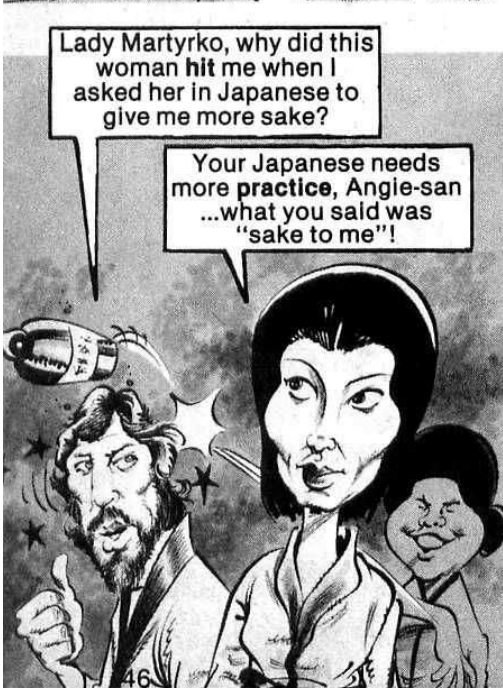
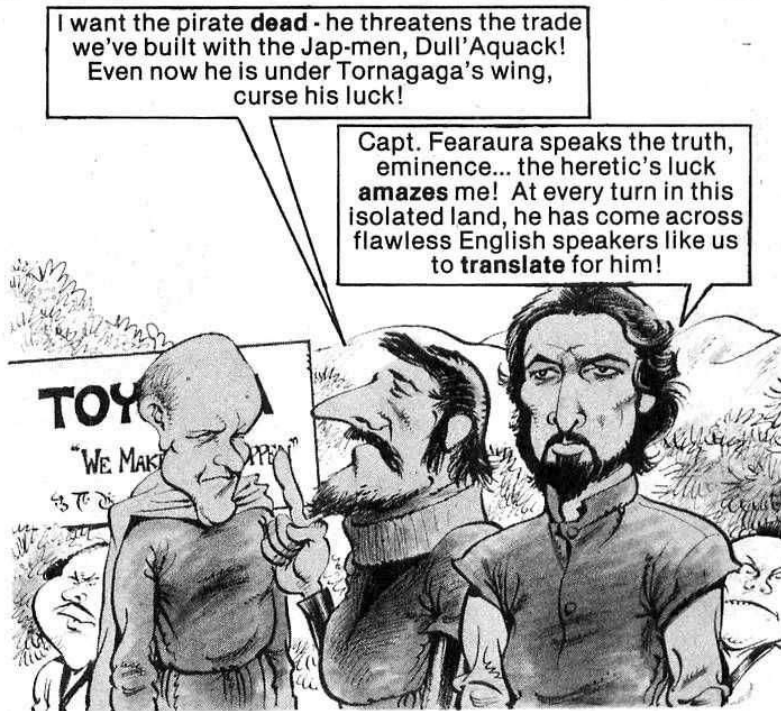
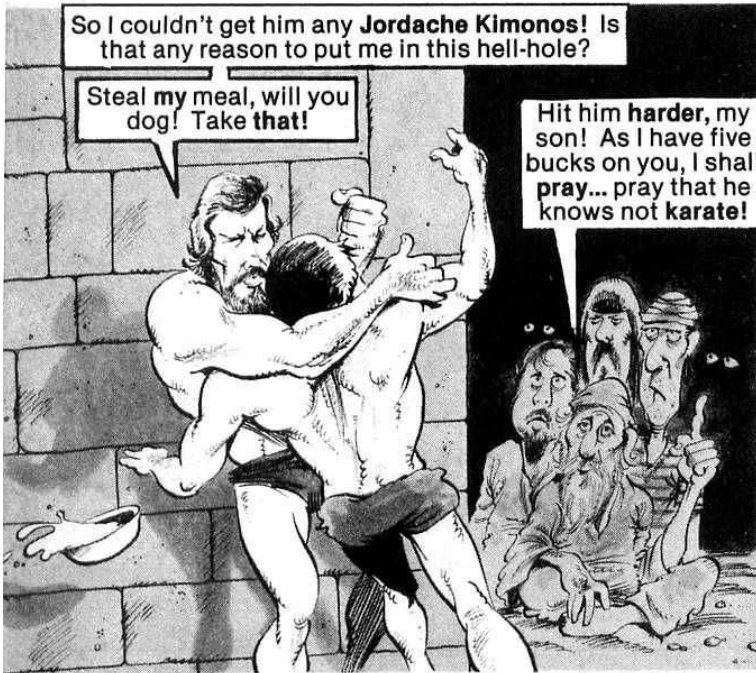
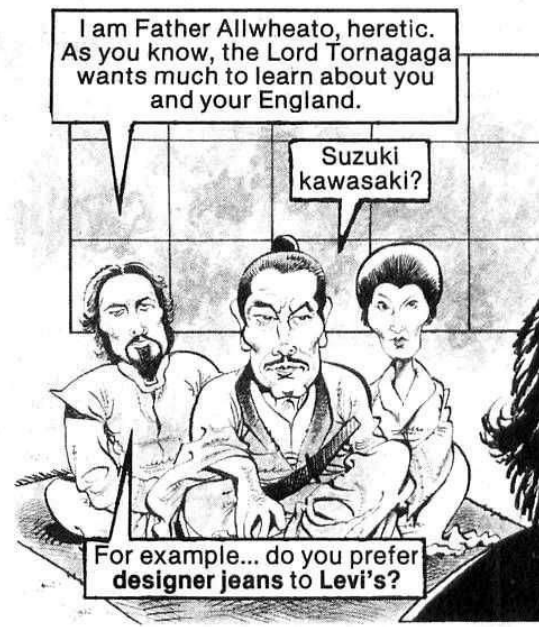
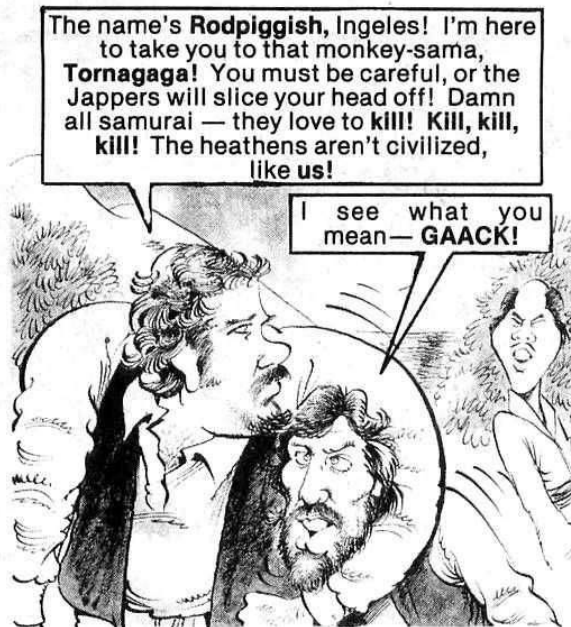
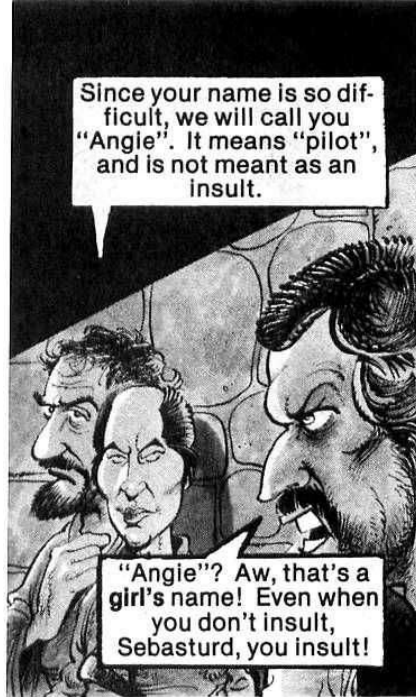
The priest said one of us must die for the rest to go free! And you picked the **shortest straw**, Fink!

I wasn't ready! Do-over! C'mon, do-over!

Give up without a battle? Nay, we'll **fight, lado!**

They've got **swords!**

Ahh... but we have **straws!**





AH-HA-HA-HA! OH-HO-HO-Ho!

You are very wise, Angie-san! Because of your acting **mad**, my master is able to **escape** from his enemy, **Isthatso**!

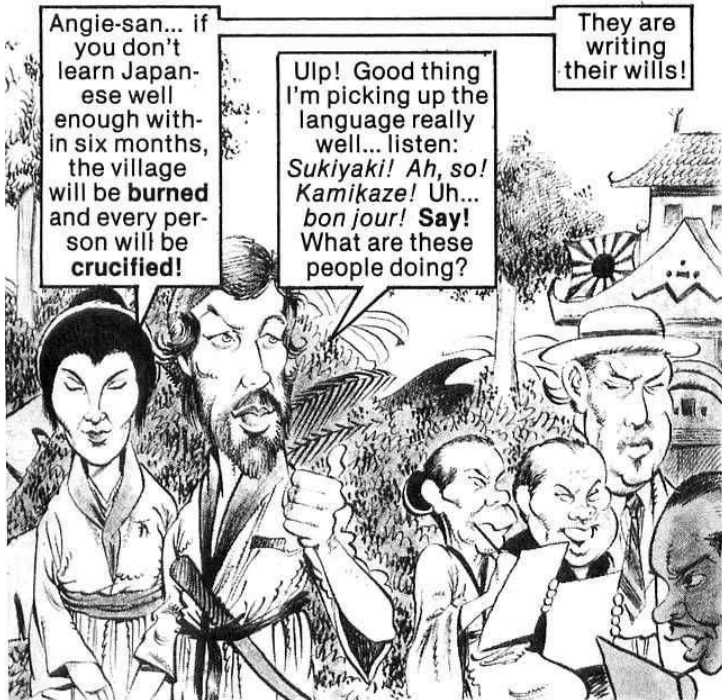
Who's acting? I have a **rock** in my sock! Ohh, I wish I had my boots back!



Angie-san! The ship is **under attack** and swords are flashing **everywhere**! What will we do?

Uh... take two aspirins and call me in the morning!

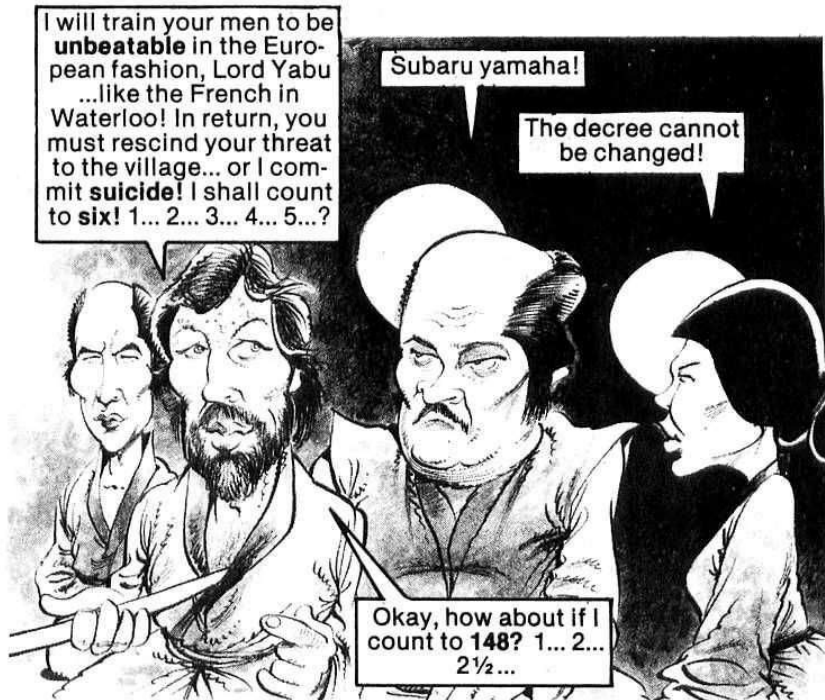
Hmm! Somehow it is hard to take you as Errol Flynn when there is so much Dr. Kildare left in you!



Angie-san... if you don't learn Japanese well enough within six months, the village will be **burned** and every person will be **crucified**!

Ulp! Good thing I'm picking up the language really well... listen: **Sukiyaki!** Ah, so! **Kamikaze!** Uh... **bon jour!** Say! What are these people doing?

They are writing their wills!

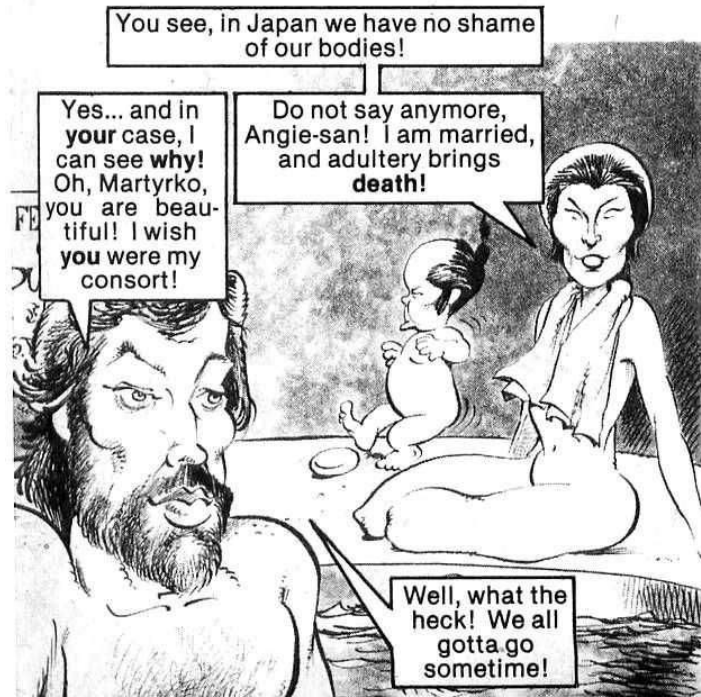


I will train your men to be **unbeatable** in the European fashion, Lord Yabu ...like the French in Waterloo! In return, you must rescind your threat to the village... or I commit **suicide**! I shall count to six! 1... 2... 3... 4... 5...?

Subaru yamaha!

The decree cannot be changed!

Okay, how about if I count to 148? 1... 2... 2½...



You see, in Japan we have no shame of our bodies!

Yes... and in **your case**, I can see **why**! Oh, Martyrko, you are beautiful! I wish you were my consort!

Do not say anymore, Angie-san! I am married, and adultery brings **death**!

Well, what the heck! We all gotta go sometime!



Yes, pistols are rare in these parts... would you like to hold it?

Hai!



Stick 'em up!

My husband Bluntaro has split your hair in two. He asks if you still think your 100 muskets are better than 500 bows.

Okay, okay! Now let's see how good he is at thumb-wrestling. Why don't we make a go of it, 2 out of 3?



HUHH! YOWW! OWITCH!

Wakarimasen, Martyrko! I don't understand!

My master say: HUHH! YOWW! OWITCH!



Yashica nikon-sankyo! Chiron konica.... ehh?

Since you saved his life for the fifty-sixth time, my master has made you samurai, Angie-san! Why are you dressed in that costume?

I thought samurai meant "to serve," and I didn't want to take any chances on making a good impression!



I love thee. I have always wanted one so pretty, so obedient, graceful and affectionate... someone to bring me my pipe and slippers...

Sound like you would be happier with a toy poodle!



Rodpiggish, old friend! Sorry to take your weapons away!

Or is that three-faced and six-hearts? Anyway...

Are these all your weapons?

Yes, by God, yes!

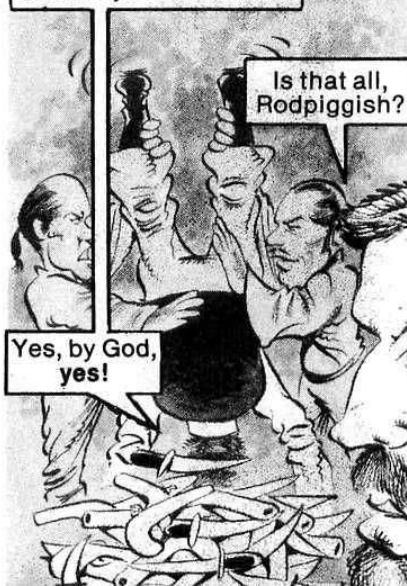


How dare you! Haven't I told you the Jap-men are six-faced and have three hearts...

You can't trust them, Ingeles! You have to stick to your own kind...

Is that all, Rodpiggish?

Yes, by God, yes!



Say, this wasn't supposed to be a friendly visit, was it... GAACK!

No, by God, no!



Do you accept all of your worriers...

You mean "warriors."

Well, they are not exactly the **cream** of the **crop**, Angie-san. Also, the ones you refuse will lose their **heads**.

In that case, I accept them all.



...Except **HIM!**

Whatsa-matta?

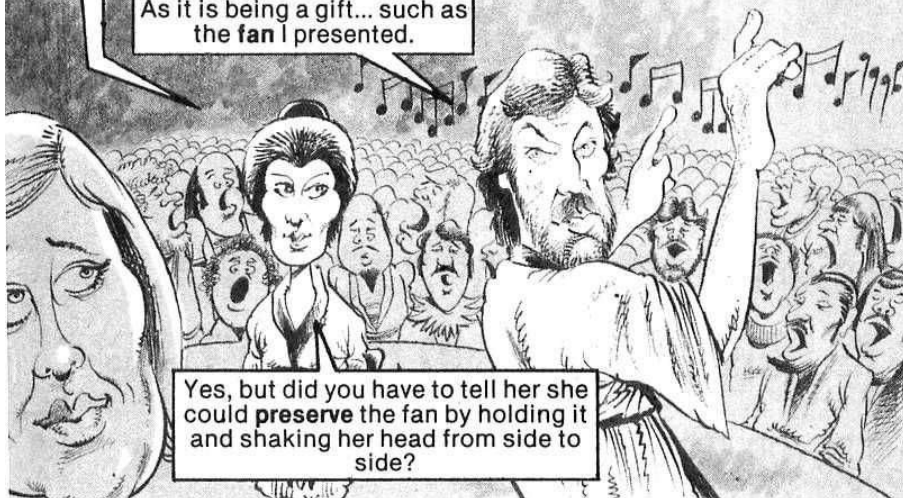
Weren't'cha ever a *Saturday Night Live* fan?



Angie-san, I know refusing the lady's birthday reception would've been a dishonor, even if it did mean getting trapped in Isthato's castle! But do you have to force all these nobles to sing "happy birthday to you"?

It is my **custom**, Martyrko! As it is being a gift... such as the **fan** I presented.

Yes, but did you have to tell her she could **preserve** the fan by holding it and shaking her head from side to side?



Curse you, pirate... **AGGH!**

Your men shot Fearaura down, my son. But your **love** has been **killed**, you have been **blinded**, your ship has **burned down**, and your fly is **open**. So **one** out of five aint bad.



About my ship... I must see for myself. Or **you** see for myself. heh-heh! Tell me, Fink — is it **true**? Is my ship **burned down**?

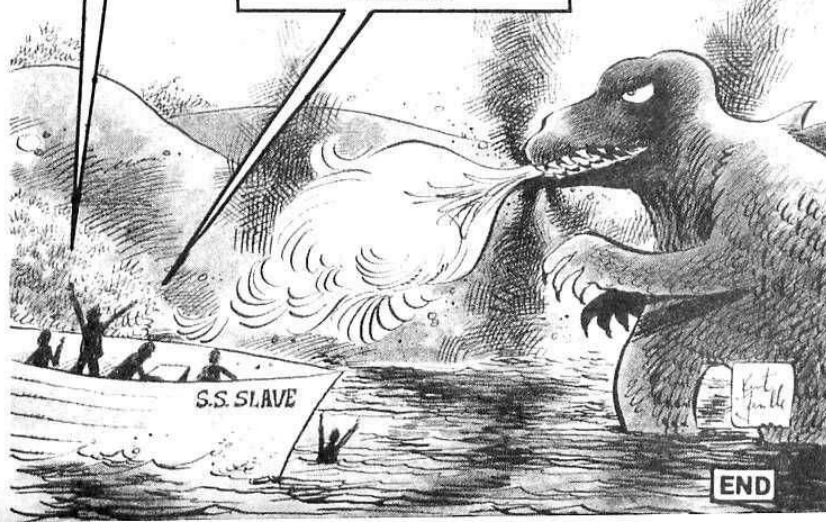
Aye, pilot... 'tis true.

But how, by God — **who**?



Not by God, pilot — **GODZILLA!**

Can you blame his **anger**? **One week** of "Shoo-in" produced more **American interest** in the **Japanese** than a **quarter century** of his movies!!



END

PLEASE DON'T SQUEEZE THE CRAZY!



**HEY, WE KNOW OUR MAGAZINE IS SOFT AND FLUFFY, BUT
SQUEEZING IT IN PUBLIC IS PERVERTED AND DISGUSTING!**

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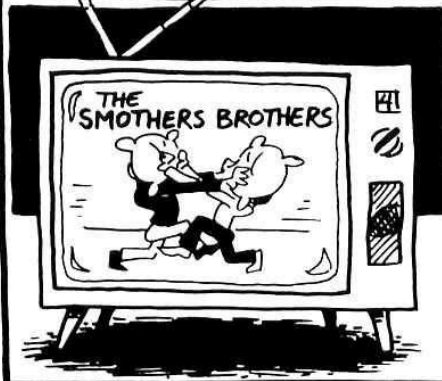
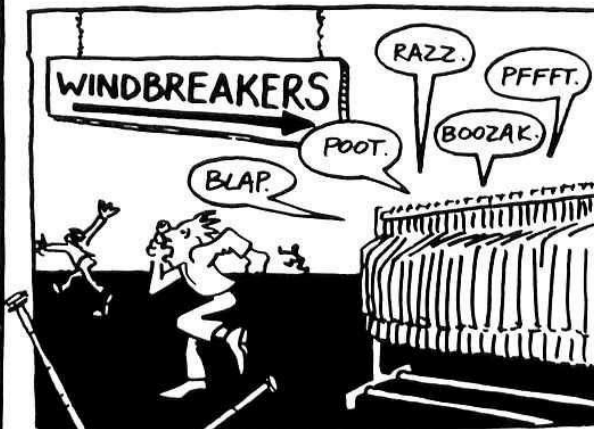
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TO SQUEEZE IN
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YOUR OWN HOME
OR PADDED CELL**



PAGE O' STUFF.



oc-to-pus (ok'ta pas), n. pl. -puses, -pi(-pi).
1. any animals of the feline family (usually eight) tied together by their tails. 2. a chaotic organization of screaming cats with sore heinies.



TIM'S LIFE STORY...



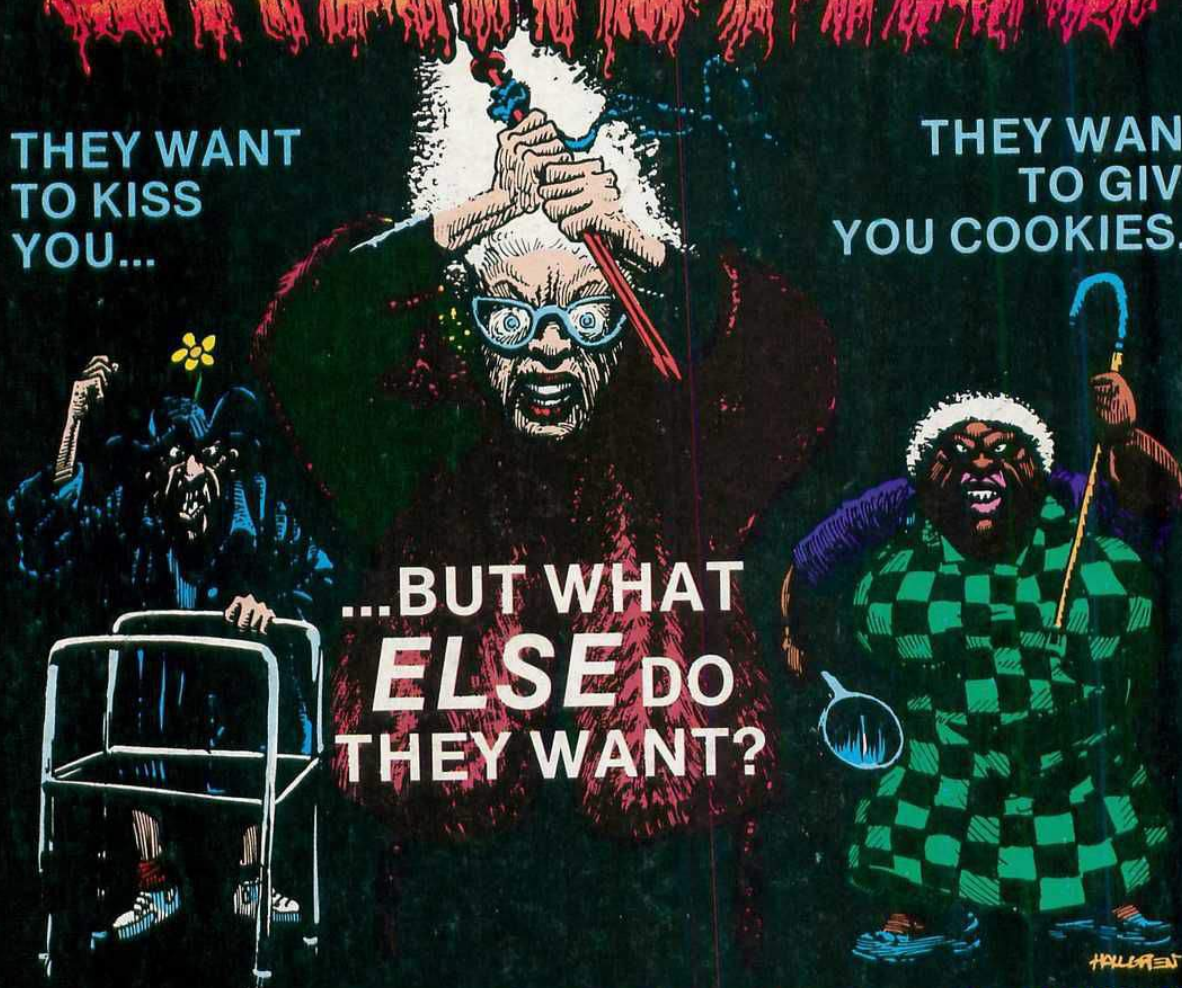
... THE STUFF STOPS HERE.

M. Carlin

DAWN OF THE GRANDMAS

THEY WANT
TO KISS
YOU...

THEY WANT
TO GIVE
YOU COOKIES...



...BUT WHAT
ELSE DO
THEY WANT?



THE
UNSUSPECTING
VICTIM



ANOTHER
UNSUSPECTING
VICTIM



THE SURVIVOR
WHO DESERVED
TO GET IT



HIS
DOG



THE
PRODUCER'S
SON



HIS
GIRLFRIEND

"DAWN OF THE GRANDMAS"

PRODUCED BY B. Hind Schedulle DIRECTED BY Roll M. Again

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY Len Scapp SCREENPLAY BY I. M. Gorey

MUSICAL SCORE BY D. Crescendo AND F. Sharp PRINTS BY Technokodak BLOOD BY Heinz

A SICKO FILMS LTD.

RELEASE.

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THIS FILM HAS BEEN RATED

TO SUCKER ALL THOSE KIDS UNDER 17
INTO SNEAKING IN TO SEE THIS PIECE
OF TRASH

R

THE CRITICS RAVE!
"NOT TOO BAD IF YOU'RE BRAIN-
DAMAGED"

PETE MOSS, DAILY COMPOST

"THE REAL HORROR IS THAT THIS
MOVIE WAS EVER MADE"

MORT UARY, HERALD EMBALMER

"THE MOST THRILLING PART OF
THIS STINKER IS THE CREDITS"

ART LESS
NOHO WEEKLY SNOOZE

"AS EXCITING AS SATURDAY NIGHT
BINGO DOWN AT ST. VITUS' PARISH
HALL"

SISTER MARY ELEPHANT
OUR LADY OF CORPORAL
PUNISHMENT NEWSLETTER

*PREVIOUSLY RELEASED AS "GREY PANTHERS FROM THE DEEP"